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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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HARVARD COLLEGE
APR 7 1926

NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1926

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Discipline for Disciples

THE rules of conduct which the Buddha enjoined on the members of his Order are embodied, as almost always, in a story; and again, as always, this story is told with the charming iteration which has been likened to the love of children for a favourite tale, told over and over again in exactly the same words; an iteration sanative and soothing to the mind in these hectic days of rush and hurry.

But, in addition to charm, there was a very practical purpose in this verbal sameness; both those who told the stories, disciples spreading the knowledge of their Master's teaching, and those who heard, had the lesson of each discourse engraved on their memories, as by the continual falling of water-drops on stone; thus was the teaching carried abroad and perpetuated.

Since this story is of no great length, it may be worth while to follow all the repetitions, to reveal to our feverish time the mental quietude of an earlier and wiser day, when disciples and laymen had time to hear, mark, learn and inwardly digest. So we come to the story:

"Thus have I heard. Once upon a time the Master was walking on the high road between Rajagaha and Nalanda with a great company of disciples, with five hundred disciples. Suppiya also, the Pilgrim, was walking on the high road between Rajagaha and Nalanda with his pupil, Brahmadatta the youth. There indeed Suppiya the Pilgrim speaks dispraise of the Buddha, speaks dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks dispraise of the Order; and again Suppiya the Pilgrim's pupil, Brahmadatta the youth, speaks praise of the Buddha, speaks praise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks praise of the Order. Thus these two, teacher and pupil, flatly contradicting each other, held close to the Master and to the company of disciples.

"And so the Master halted at the king's rest-house at Ambalatthika to pass one night there, with the company of disciples. Suppiya also, the Pilgrim, halted at the king's rest-house at Ambalatthika to pass one night there, with his pupil Brahmadatta the youth. There also, indeed, Suppiya the Pilgrim in many a phrase speaks dispraise of the Buddha, speaks dispraise of

the Law of Righteousness, speaks dispraise of the Order, and again Suppiya the Pilgrim's pupil, Brahmadatta the youth, speaks praise of the Buddha, speaks praise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks praise of the Order. Thus these two, teacher and pupil, flatly contradicting each other, held close to the Master and to the company of disciples.

"And so, what time night ended and dawn came, many of the disciples assembled together within the circle of the hall, and as they were seated together this manner of talk arose: 'Wonderful, brethren, admirable, brethren, is this, that by the Master, the sage, the seer, the Arhat, the supreme and perfect Buddha, the differing character of beings should be so clearly discerned. For this Suppiya the Pilgrim in many a phrase speaks dispraise of the Buddha, speaks dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks dispraise of the Order, and again Suppiya the Pilgrim's pupil, Brahmadatta the youth, speaks praise of the Buddha, speaks praise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks praise of the Order. Thus these two, teacher and pupil, flatly contradicting each other, hold close to the Master and to the company of disciples.'

"And so the Master, seeing the manner of talk of these disciples, drew near to the circle of the hall, and having drawn near, seated himself on the seat prepared for him. And being seated, the Master addressed the disciples: 'In what talk, disciples, are you engaged, seated together, and what discourse is set forth among you?' Thus addressed, the disciples said to the Master: 'Here, Sire, what time the night ended and the dawn came, we were assembled together within the circle of the hall, and as we were seated together, this manner of talk arose: "Wonderful, brethren, admirable, brethren, is this, that by the Master, the sage, the seer, the Arhat, the supreme and perfect Buddha, the differing character of beings should be so clearly discerned. For this Suppiya the Pilgrim in many a phrase speaks dispraise of the Buddha, speaks dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks dispraise of the Order, and again Suppiya the Pilgrim's pupil, Brahmadatta the youth, speaks praise of the Buddha, speaks praise of the Law of Righteousness, speaks praise of the Order. Thus these two, teacher and pupil, flatly contradicting each other, hold close to the Master and the company of disciples." This was the discourse set forth among us when the Master came.'

"'If other men, disciples, should speak dispraise of me, or should speak dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak dispraise of the Order, there should not be anger and indignation and wrath of heart among you. For if, disciples, others should speak dispraise of me, or should speak dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak dispraise of the Order, if you should thereupon be angry and beside yourselves, this would be a barrier to you. If other men, disciples, should speak dispraise of me, or should speak dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak dispraise of the Order, and you should be angry and beside yourselves, could you know whether it had been well spoken or ill spoken?'

"'Not so, Sire!'

"'If other men, disciples, should speak dispraise of me, or should speak dispraise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak dispraise of the Order, then what is not so should by you be unravelled as being not so, saying, "For such reasons this is not so, this is not the truth, this is not among us, this is not found among us."

"'Or if other men, disciples, should speak praise of me, or should speak praise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak praise of the Order, there should not be joy, and rejoicing and exultation of heart among you. For if, disciples, other men should speak praise of me, or should speak praise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak praise of the Order, and there should be joy and rejoicing and exultation among you, this would be a barrier to you. If other men, disciples, should speak praise of me, or should speak praise of the Law of Righteousness, or should speak praise of the Order, then what is so should by you be acknowledged as being so, saying: "This is so, this is the truth, this is among us, this is found among us."

"'Things of minor import, disciples, concerned with this lower world, matters of outward conduct would a man of the world speak of, speaking praise of the Tathagata. And what, disciples, are these things of minor import, concerned with this lower world, matters of outward conduct that a man of the world would speak of, speaking praise of the Tathagata?

"'"Abstaining from the taking of life, the ascetic Gotama refrains from taking life, he has laid the mace aside, he has laid weapons aside, he is gentle, pitiful, he lives with compassionate kindness for every being that has life"; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.

"'"Abstaining from taking what is not given, the ascetic Gotama refrains from taking what is not given, accepting what is given, awaiting what is given, he lives with honest and pure heart"; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.

"'"Abstaining from unchastity, the ascetic Gotama follows chastity, he lives a holy life, not entering into marriage, not following the way of the world"; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.

"'"Abstaining from malicious speech, the ascetic Gotama refrains from malicious speech; having heard here, he does not repeat there, to cause enmity against these; or having heard there, he does not repeat here, to cause enmity against those; he lives, binding together the divided, confirming the united, a lover of harmony, rejoicing in harmony, speaking words that make for harmony"; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.

"'"Abstaining from harsh speech, the ascetic Gotama refrains from harsh speech. Whatever words are innocent, pleasant to the ear, kind, going to the heart, urbane, grateful to mankind, delighting mankind, such words does he speak"; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.

"'"Abstaining from idle talk, the ascetic Gotama refrains from idle talk. His words are timely, his words are true, he speaks to the point, he speaks of righteousness, he speaks of discipline, he speaks words to be treasured, fitly illustrated, ordered, effective"; thus, disciples, would speak the man of the world, speaking praise of the Tathagata.'"

These are admirable qualities, full of sweetness and light; why then does the Buddha speak of them as things of minor import, concerned with this lower world, matters of outward conduct?

The answer is given a little later in the story, where the Buddha says: "There are, disciples, other things, profound, hard to see, hard to realize in consciousness, bringing peace, excellent, not to be attained by argument, subtile, to be known only by the wise; which the Tathagata proclaims, having himself realized them and seen them face to face; they who would rightly praise the Tathagata in accordance with reality, would speak of these." These larger matters include not only the whole range of scientific, philosophic and religious thought, but also all the higher states of spiritual consciousness, with their insight and their powers, up to, and including, Nirvana. In comparison with these greater themes, the rules of conduct are minor matters, concerned with the outer world. A good and pious man might possess them all without being in any real sense a disciple, an Occultist; but a candidate for discipleship must possess them all before he can become in any real sense a disciple, before he can make any real progress in Occultism.

For the disciple, these qualities and virtues are indispensable. They are equally a part of the life of the Master. The Buddha practised each and all of them himself before he enjoined them on the disciples of his Order, and he and his Arhats continued to practise them. For they are enjoined on all disciples of the Order. In a later episode exactly the same list of virtues is repeated, with the single difference that the disciple, instead of the ascetic Gotama, is described as practising them.

In the third rule, the word translated "chastity" is "Brahma-charya"; it means chastity in the fullest sense: chastity in thought, chastity in word, chastity in act. But it means more, and this larger meaning gives us a clue to the law, the principle involved. For, literally translated, the word means "service of the Eternal," or "walking in the way of the Eternal." It implies a completeness of devotion, a singleness of heart and mind and act, that exclusive service which is an indispensable condition of any real advance in Occultism.

The Master Christ has set forth the same principle in a passage which is the foundation and justification of all monastic orders, even though many of their members may not understand its full import:

"The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage: but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."

This profound saying is in no sense a condemnation of marriage, which may be, and should be, a sacrament, instinct with sacrifice and mutual service, offering each day spiritual lessons that must be learned before the higher way is entered. And the Master Christ has laid down an ideal for wedded life, closing with the words: "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

But when it is a question of those who shall be accounted worthy of that world, then the higher law, the higher way of life, supersedes the lower; man is passing from the life and growth and activities of the natural body to the life and growth and activities of the spiritual body, in which he is destined to attain conscious immortality. The development of the spiritual body, following the birth from above, is set forth by Paul, writing to the Master's followers at Corinth; it is taught in the same terms, but in more complete detail, by the Buddha, closely following and incorporating the far older teaching of the Upanishads. These passages have already been quoted and need only be referred to here. The point is that this new way, this entry into a higher world, calls for every atom of force and effort that the man possesses. He cannot follow two ways at the same time.

The Buddha not only enjoined celibacy and chastity on the members of his Order, those whom he selected because with spiritual eye he discerned that they were "worthy of that world"; he even intervened, almost in the midst of the ceremony, to prevent the marriage of one whom he wished to enroll in his Order.

The whole story is related with that rich and gracious humour that is so characteristic of the Buddhist records, in virtue of which Siddhartha the Compassionate should be recognized not only as an Avatar of Holiness, but as the Avatar of Humour also. The persons of the story are close kin of his; the bridegroom in prospect is his cousin Prince Nanda, a son of the sister of Queen Maya, Prince Siddhartha's mother. And the prospective bride is the Buddha's younger sister, a lovely princess, who bore the name, Beauty of the Land, so fair that she was in love with her own beauty. And the dramatic events of the story took place at a time when the Buddha was on a visit to his royal father, King Suddhodana, at the ancient city of Kapila.

When the ceremonies in preparation for the marriage of Prince Nanda were in progress, the Master entered the house, as though seeking an offering of food, in conformity with the rule that he received only what was freely given. He placed his bowl in the hands of Prince Nanda and wished him good fortune. Then rising from his seat, he departed without taking his bowl from the hands of the Prince. From reverence for the Tathagata, Prince Nanda did not dare to say: "Reverend Sir, take your bowl," but thought within himself, "He will take the bowl at the head of the stairs." But even when the Master reached the head of the stairs, he did not take the bowl. Prince Nanda thought: "He will take the bowl at the foot of the stairs." But even there the Master did not take the bowl. Prince Nanda thought: "He will take the bowl in the palace court." But even there the Master did not

take the bowl. Prince Nanda greatly desired to return to his bride, and followed the Master much against his will. But so great was his reverence for the Master that he did not dare to say: "Take the bowl," but continued to follow the Master, thinking to himself: "He will take the bowl here! He will take the bowl there! He will take the bowl there!"

Meanwhile, they brought word to the bride, Beauty of the Land, saying: "Lady, the Master has taken Prince Nanda away with him; it is his purpose to take him from you!" Then Beauty of the Land, with tears streaming down her face and with hair unkempt, ran swiftly after Prince Nanda and said to him: "Noble sir, I pray you to come back." Her words shook the heart of Nanda; but the Master, still without taking the bowl, led him to the abode of the Order and said to him, "Nanda, dost thou desire to become a disciple?" So great was Prince Nanda's reverence for the Buddha that he refrained from saying, "I do not wish to become a disciple," and said instead, "Yes, I wish to become a disciple." Then the Master said: "Admit Nanda as a disciple."

Meanwhile Anathapindaka, the princely giver, had built a great abode for the Master and the Order of disciples, and the Buddha went thither and took up his residence. While the Buddha was residing there, we are told that the disciple Nanda became discontented, and began to relate his sorrows to the other disciples, saying: "Brethren, I am dissatisfied. I am now living the life of a disciple, but I cannot bear to live the life of a disciple any longer. I intend to abandon the higher precepts and return to the lower life, the life of a layman."

The Master, hearing of this, sent for Nanda and said to him: "Nanda, it is said that you spoke thus to a company of disciples: 'Brethren, I am dissatisfied. I am now living the life of a disciple, but I cannot bear to live the life of a disciple any longer. I intend to abandon the higher precepts and return to the lower life, the life of a layman.' Is this true?" "It is true, Master." "But, Nanda, why are you dissatisfied with the life of a disciple? Why cannot you bear to live the life of a disciple? Why do you wish to abandon the higher precepts and return to the lower life, the life of a layman?" "Master, when I left my home, my noble bride, Beauty of the Land, with tears streaming down her face and with hair unkempt, parting from me, said: 'Noble sir, I pray you to come back.' Master, it is because I constantly remember her that I am dissatisfied with the life of a disciple, that I cannot bear to live the life of a disciple any longer, that I intend to abandon the higher precepts and return to the lower life, the life of a layman."

The episode which follows is even more surprising than the story itself. It is related that the Master, exerting his spiritual power, induced a vision in the consciousness of Prince Nanda, carrying him in imagination to one of the celestial worlds. As they were proceeding thither, the Buddha showed Nanda a burnt field where a monkey that had been singed in the fire sat disconsolate on a stump. In the celestial world, the Buddha showed Nanda a group of rosy-footed nymphs, attendants of King Indra, and asked him

this question: "Nanda, which do you consider more beautiful, your bride, Beauty of the Land, or these rosy-footed nymphs?"

Somewhat unchivalrously, as it seems, Nanda made reply that, in measure as the lady was more beautiful than the singed, disconsolate monkey, so the rosy-footed nymphs were more beautiful than the lady.

Thereupon, the Buddha promised Nanda that, if he remained steadfast in the life of a disciple, he would receive as a reward the rosy-footed nymphs. The vision was at an end, and the Buddha and Nanda returned to the consciousness of the outer world.

We are not told who revealed this astonishing incident, but the recorder informs us that it was not long before there was common talk among the disciples to this effect: "It appears that it is in the hope of winning rosy-footed nymphs that the disciple Nanda is living the life of a disciple; it appears that the Master has promised him that he shall receive as a reward the rosy-footed nymphs."

Thereupon, his fellow-disciples treated Nanda as a hireling, one bought with a bribe, saying to him: "It appears that the disciple Nanda is a hireling; it appears that the disciple Nanda is bought with a bribe. It appears that he is living the life of a disciple in the hope of winning rosy-footed nymphs; it appears that the Master has promised him that he shall receive the rosy-footed nymphs as a reward."

But the disciple Nanda paid no heed to them, even though they called him a hireling, one bought with a bribe. Dwelling in solitude, withdrawn from the world, mindful, ardent, resolute, in no long time he attained the supreme illumination seeking which they leave the worldly life for the life of the disciple. Thus illumined, he knew that his bondage to rebirth was ended, that he had attained the goal, that he should return no more. Thus Nanda attained to Arhatship.

And the Buddha, fully illumined, knew that Nanda had attained to the supreme illumination, that he had attained to Arhatship. As the Buddha perceived this, Nanda himself approached the Master, saying: "Master, I release the Master from the promise that I should receive as a reward the rosy-footed nymphs." And the Buddha replied: "Na da, with my consciousness I grasped your consciousness, and saw that you had attained to liberation, that you had attained to illumination. When your heart was released from desire, at that same time I was released from my promise."

As was their wont, the disciples discussed the matter, saying:

"Brethren, the Buddhas are wonderful! The disciple Nanda became dissatisfied with the life of a disciple because of Beauty of the Land; the Master, by the lure of the rosy-footed nymphs, won Nanda to complete obedience."

The Master, approaching, asked: "Disciples, what is the manner of your talk as you sit here together?" And when they told him, the Master said: "Disciples, this is not the first time that Nanda has been won to obedience by the lure of the other sex; this also happened in a former birth." Thereupon, the Master related the following birth-story:

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, there dwelt at Benares a merchant named Kappata. Now Kappata had a donkey which was wont to carry loads of pottery for him, and each day he journeyed seven miles. On a certain day Kappata loaded his donkey with a load of earthen pots, and went with him as far as Takkasila. And while he vended his wares, he allowed the donkey to run loose. As the donkey wandered along a bank beside a watercourse, he beheld a lady donkey and straightway went to converse with her. When she had greeted him, she said: "Whence come you?" "From Benares." "Why have you come?" "I have come on business." "How large was your load?" "A large load of earthen pots." "How many miles did you travel, carrying so large a load?" "Seven miles." "In the places to which you journey, is there anyone to rub your weary feet and back?" "There is no one." "If that be so, your life is indeed a hard one."

As the fruit of her words, dissatisfaction arose within the heart of the donkey. When the merchant had sold his wares, returning to the donkey, he said: "Come, let us set forth." "Go yourself; I shall remain here."

Time and again with gentle words the merchant sought to persuade him; but when, for all his persuasion, the donkey would not be moved, the merchant fell to using harsh words, saying: "I will make a goad with a long spike; I will tear your body to shreds. Know this, donkey!"

But the donkey replied: "You say you will make a goad with a long spike. Very good! Then I will set my forefeet firm and, kicking with my hind feet, I will knock your teeth out. Know this, merchant!"

When the merchant heard this, he meditated, questioning within himself what might be the cause. As he looked this way and that, the eyes of the merchant fell on the lady donkey. "Ho!" said he, "without doubt it was she who incited him. Therefore, let me say to him: 'I will bestow on you a mate like that.'" So the merchant said to the donkey: "A four-footed mate, possessing all the marks of beauty, with a face like mother-of-pearl, will I bestow on you. Know this, donkey!"

Hearing this, the heart of the donkey rejoiced, and he replied: "A four-footed mate, possessing all the marks of beauty, will you bestow on me. If that be so, merchant, while until now I have travelled seven miles a day, henceforth I will travel fourteen miles a day."

"Good!" said Kappata, "let us proceed." Taking the donkey, he led him back to the cart.

Not many days passed when the donkey said to the merchant: "Did you not promise me a mate?" The merchant answered, "I did so promise, and I will keep my word. I will provide for you a mate. But I will provide food only for you. It may not be enough for you and your mate; that is for you to settle. Nor, should offspring be born to you, will there be more food. Whether it will suffice for you all, is for you to settle."

When the merchant spoke thus, desire died in the heart of the donkey.

In conclusion, the Master said: "In that birth, the lady donkey was

Beauty of the Land; the male donkey was Nanda; I myself was the merchant. Thus in a former birth was Nanda won to obedience by the lure of the other sex."

There remains the fate of the lady, Beauty of the Land. It should be understood that, though bereft of her bridegroom, she did not suffer hardship or privation in other ways. A princess in the palace of a wealthy father, all her needs and wishes, save only her wish for Nanda, were supplied; nor does it appear that she suffered any discredit or unkindness because of the interrupted marriage.

So she appears to have lived in comparative content while, one after another, the members of her family gave their spiritual allegiance to the Buddha and became members of the Order. So, for sheer loneliness and without any genuine vocation, Beauty of the Land decided that she too would join the Order, to be nearer to her kin. The recorder makes quite clear that, though a member of the Order, she was still as much in love with her own beauty as in bygone days; she even shunned her mighty brother because she feared that he might speak disparagingly of her charms.

Finally, however, she became curious to hear him, and drew near, hoping that the Buddha might not recognize her. But his divine vision immediately made the whole situation clear, and, to cure her of self-love, he created the form of a heavenly nymph, of celestial beauty far surpassing the beauty of mortal women, so that even Beauty of the Land confessed to herself that she was far outshone. Then the Buddha caused the phantom nymph to pass through the years in a few minutes, until she was afflicted with painful wrinkles and white hair, toothless and bent like a crooked stick; finally fate overcame her, and cruel death, and Beauty of the Land knew her own charms would likewise wither and die. So, realizing the impermanence of the impermanent, and confirmed in the right way by the Buddha, the lady reached enlightenment. The story is told at length in Burlingame's translation of the *Dhammapada* Commentary, from which we have condensed it.

The moral is exactly the same as that which Paul conveyed, writing to the disciples at Colosse: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above . . . Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth . . . seeing that ye have put off the old man, and have put on the new. . . " Or, as he wrote in more universal terms to the disciples at Corinth: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

FRAGMENTS

ALL souls must know hours of darkness and discouragement. There is no sin in these so be they do not lead to despair. Despair alone spells veritable failure, since it means surrender of the conflict. Yet from even this failure we can rise again, though the rising will prove difficult.

Sometimes I wonder that men blame themselves so much for darkness, when more grievous conditions appear often to sit lightly upon their consciences. To me there were more merit in plodding on faithfully in the dark, than running in a flood of sunshine. How much of our groaning at darkness comes from our love of comfort?—that comfort, the desire for which we are bidden to "kill out," one of the three first tasks set us at the beginning of the Way.

We pray in times of dryness and our prayers are torments in their emptiness. Yet we summon courage and continue, voicing the words which fall dead upon our hearts like torches quenched in water. I see power in this which makes for fortitude. I see fealty to a promise made the soul. Ashes, perhaps, but beneath those ashes what coals are burning, suggesting fires for future days. How easy to pray in happier hours, when the skies of our heaven are blue, our meditation steeped in peace, and we are borne upward on angels' wings! These are blissful moments truly, for whose blessing we needs must be thankful, but they are spiritual *luxuries*, and he who has set his face toward the snowy peaks where Masters dwell must learn to do without, on all planes of his being; must endure and conquer hardship and deprivation. How can a man hunger, unless he be denied bread? how thirst, unless he go without water? how learn to create light, unless he labour in darkness? Foolish that we are, who cannot see our richest opportunities when life offers them with both hands in answer to our needs!

These are early aspects of that abyss of which *Light on the Path* tells us that none pass through without bitter complaint. Its very brink terrifies us,—yet if the Master be at its depth!—as surely he is at the depth of all experience. But we must sound the depth to find him; he is never on its surface: and the depths are what we fear, and, fearing, turn from. If I seek the depths of my dryness in prayer, of my numbness in meditation, and remain there *in continued praying*, I shall find the Master as surely, *more* surely, than in the heights to which as yet my feeble strength can carry me but

poorly. For at that centre of things, height and depth are the same,—there where the Heart of Life is beating. One way is sure and swift if I have the courage, because I have sacrificed; and the other is slow and uncertain, for all its beauty, because I have received.

So the eternal paradox revolves upon us, the paradox that issues from duality and our dual natures, the fulfilment of one, meaning the death of the other. The psychic consciousness translates as darkness the Light that has blinded it, until living in that darkness it is transformed from earth-mist into radiance, and sees by the glow of its own Illumination.

It would appear then that *sustained determination* was the object,—a determination on all planes, which no obstacle can turn aside. This is the disciple's first acquirement, the foundation upon which all the others must rest. Why grieve then, when in answer to our first sincere demand, the good Law gives us means by which to learn? Only in the hot furnace of affliction can such steel be tempered, only in adverse conditions such a quality be perfected.

I bethink me of the words: The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.

CAVÉ.

When a soul makes the resolution of walking steadfastly in the path of virtue, and of refusing nothing to God, our Lord, beholding this great plan, furnishes by interior means that which will bring the undertaking to success. It is the great highway of the spiritual life. We must pass through vast deserts and through long nights, that is to say, we must suffer much dryness and prolonged darkness, in order that the soul may be deprived, not only of exterior and temporal things, but also of itself, and of the self-love that is natural to it. This is accomplished by the withdrawal of all heavenly sweetness, and by the conflict with temptation. This enables the soul repeatedly to strain every nerve: and so often to protest its determination of belonging to God, that, making firm resolutions, it finally acquires fixed habits of righteousness.—P. SURIN.

CARDINAL MERCIER

"De tous les Gaulois, les Belges sont les plus braves."

THE first time that I saw Malines was on an autumn day in 1914, a day closing in toward sundown. I had crossed the frontier from Holland into Belgium the afternoon before; had stopped the night at an hotel in Antwerp—an hotel swarming with insolent Prussian officers—and now, having obtained the necessary passes, I was driving on to Brussels in a little, open, one-horse carriage. I had never been in Belgium before; the Netherlands had seemed to have no special allure for me, and though I had often read of the wide flat spaces, I was yet quite unprepared for the long distances, the remote horizons. Therefore it was with a kind of shock of surprise that, miles before we reached Malines, my eyes were arrested by a most majestic sight. Out of the level plain, like a gigantic hope rising above the dread monotony of daily life, with a suddenness that suggested enchantment, with an immense, irresistible grandeur because of its complete isolation, towered the loftiest cathedral spire which I thought I had ever seen. It looked as though it had stood there since the dawn of time, indescribably aloof, yet intimately close; it did not seem to dominate its surroundings, as so many cathedrals do; it was more like a flaming exhortation, a resistless call to rise, to dare, if necessary to die.

This was my first sight of St. Rombaut, though I did not yet know it by that name.

"What is that, over there?" I cried, rather breathlessly to my driver, for breathless indeed I was, so strong and deep had been the appeal of that soaring, lonely spire.

The driver, a pathetically old and feeble man (so many of the young ones were fighting at the front) gave an apprehensive start, not yet having noticed the direction in which I was looking, and thinking only of the hated Germans, and their unprovoked attacks on civilians:

"What . . . what . . . where?"

"Why," I answered, surprised, being still new to the phenomenon of war-nerves, "the cathedral over there, across the plain."

"Oh," he sighed, with evident relief, his harsh voice, unconsciously to himself, growing gentle, rather hushed, as though he were speaking of home, and safety, and of much needed repose, "that is the town of Malines, with the church of St. Rombaut; that is where his Eminence, the Cardinal Mercier lives."

"Cardinal Mercier," I repeated to myself, reflectively. "Oh, yes, of course."

This was before the time when the great churchman had come to be known internationally as "the fighting Cardinal," for it was still in the very early days

of the war; but he had for years been known to the secular world of both hemispheres, on account of his brilliant university career, while to his own people he had long since been the beloved priest, the never-failing friend of the poor; and he was recognized nationally as the leader of the Conservative Catholic Party, as well as the honoured counsellor of King and of Pope. Therefore, Cardinal Mercier's name was not wholly unknown to me, but how often, after all these years, have I recalled that first view of St. Rombaut from many miles away, as night was falling; how often have I thought of what, even then, it symbolized—though I did not guess how deeply the impression was burning itself in—for even in those early stages of the war, with that first view, there seemed to come to me the prophecy of what one great soul would accomplish, simply by remaining true to his own greatness. I have never lost the freshness, the sharpness, of that first war-time message; it was so vibrant, that the strong voice still seems to call to me across the windy spaces,—the voice of one whose life was to be a splendid, ceaseless exhortation, reaching straight to the hearts of his people, stirring them to rise, to dare, if necessary to die.

I never had the good fortune to know Cardinal Mercier personally, but I had not been in occupied territory a week, before I realized that there were two names on the lips of everyone,—the King, and the Archbishop of Malines. The King was at the head of his army, off there in the west, heroic, undaunted, unconquered; the Cardinal was everywhere, now in Malines, now in Rome, now here, now there, keeping alive by personal contact, by unflagging zeal and encouragement, the fires of patriotism. If ever a man cried out: "No compromise with the enemy!" that man was Cardinal Mercier. His story is so well known, the great and noble part he played in the war is so familiar to us all, that there seems to be nothing new to write, yet sometimes the individual experiences or impressions of those who were close spectators, are of interest, and to an eye-witness there are sure to remain certain incidents which must for ever live with a vividness which is not possible to those who have read of these things only from a distance.

I think that no one who was in the war zone at the time, will ever forget the explosion (I can think of no other word to suit the case) which followed the reading, in all the churches throughout the Kingdom, of that first, now famous war-time Pastoral Letter, on New Year's Day, 1915. In normal times it had long been the custom that these Pastoral Letters should be sent out and read, at regular intervals, in Belgium; it is an ancient tradition, and the "faithful" have ever found both comfort and inspiration in them; but in these first months of the war, when Cardinal Mercier, already "suspect" by the Germans, was under the severest kind of observation, the chances were all against his being able to address any such Letter to his flock. Yet rumours were rife that such a letter was, none the less, being prepared, and that it would be printed, and that, furthermore, it would be sent to and read in every church in Belgium during the Christmas season. Of course the Germans also got wind of this rumour, and we civilians began to hear whispers of raids on printers' shops, of threats to the Cardinal, of this and of that; but we waited confidently,

for even in those four short months we had gauged the Cardinal as the Germans *never* gauged him, even in as many years. It will be understood, of course, that with the coming of the Germans, all printing, except such as was done under their supervision, was strictly prohibited; therefore we knew what barriers would have to be surmounted if the promised Letter were really to be given to the expectant people.

Christmas Day came. I well remember that on Christmas Eve a bright moon shone, and that I stood long at my open window listening to the far distant guns, thinking of those brave men at the front, happier, probably, for all their danger, than those whom they had left behind in hateful, daily contact with the "green-grey monster." Christmas was a hard, sad day for the Belgians. They are an intensely independent people, intensely home-loving, yet their country was no longer their own; they had to share their homes with the hated invader. Christmas week passed, and then, on New Year's Day, at the celebration of the morning's mass, thundered the Cardinal's great message, *Patriotism and Endurance*. A new spiritual call to arms rang out from two thousand pulpits to millions of soul-hungry and soul-weary people all over the land. "During the reading of this document in the churches, one could hear the flight of a fly," wrote, at the time, a man who was stirred to the depths of his being by what he had just heard.

I have used the word "explosion" to describe the response of the Belgian people to that ringing appeal to their loyalty and sustained courage, but I do not mean to imply that any outer event of importance took place as a result of the words they had listened to. As far as I can remember, there were no "demonstrations," for Cardinal Mercier had strongly counselled moderation, and a "needful forbearance" so long as that did not "violate our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country. Let us not take bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery." The "explosion" was *interior*, save for a few amusing bubbles on the surface of life; it was too deep for words or for wasted superficial energy. In one sense there was a certain relaxing, or more properly a sense of being eased, such as we feel when we have finally made up our minds as to the course we intend to take and keep; in another sense there was such a renewed tightening of sinews as to make one think of cold steel, like a man who buckles on his armour and feels its weight, but ignores that because he knows himself to be equipped. If you looked, you could see the change in the transformed faces, which shone with a new light of hope and faith and determination. It would indeed be difficult to exaggerate the deep breath of defiance which all Belgium drew on that day; the electrical atmosphere, the hurried questions which seemed to be thrown like a challenge from "conquered" to "conqueror":—"Well, what now?" And the impotent indignation of the Germans! Oh, that was best of all! We heard tales of von Bissing, and his now celebrated helmet which he is supposed to have kicked all over the place, in his baffled rage. I do not suppose that most of us will ever know whether that particular tale is historical or legendary (though legends are said always to have their roots in fact); no one could go through the *rue*

de la Loi, where the Governor General lived, without a pass (difficult to obtain), so we do not even know how such a story leaked out; but even if von Bissing himself managed to avoid the kind of frenzy with which he is charged, there can be little doubt that most Germans in Belgium at that time, *wanted* to kick their helmets about (metaphorically at least) in sheer, unavailing exasperation and outraged pride.

Of course, though, as the days passed, there *were* the "bubbles on the surface," and men, for all their stern, set faces, met and laughed aloud jeeringly in the streets, regardless of danger; women passed German officers of all ranks in the streets as though they simply did not exist, ignoring them so completely and so pointedly as to mark them out for ridicule to any on-looker, and everywhere the name of "*le saint cardinal*" was heard. Whimsical indeed, was a scene which I witnessed, and in which, as a matter of fact, I unexpectedly played a prominent rôle. One day, early in the New Year, I was walking along the Chaussée Charleroi, and just in front of me were swaggering two German officers, faultlessly turned out, a fact of which they were evidently entirely conscious. I was very much occupied over a problem which had just arisen, however, and did not give them much thought, until suddenly my attention was attracted to two untidy urchins who had somehow unnoticed, projected themselves between me and the German officers. These small boys were laughing together and whispering, little heads wagging insolently, little eyes rolling with secret amusement, nudging each other and shrugging their shoulders,—and I knew that something was afoot. Then one of them gave a signal, and without a moment's pause (it looked as though they had been submitting themselves to a long and patient drill, so much military precision and so much gravity did they suddenly assume),—without a moment's pause they fell into the well known Prussian "goose-step," left, right, left, right, with little legs thrown rigidly out in front of them, with little clumsily shod feet pointing stiffly in the most approved "goose-step" fashion. Click, click, on they marched solemnly, after the two German officers, and *I* marched on in the rear, for the moment too frozen with horror to take any action. Then I came to my senses with a start. Those unspeakably jolly little Belgian boys were running themselves and their families into a ghastly danger and I knew it, and much as I applauded their spirit, and much as I was hugging this open insurrection to my heart, I could not allow them to go on. I thought of their mothers and what *they* would say if they were there, so without further hesitation I rushed at the two culprits (a surprise attack from the rear), seized them by their respective collars, and jerked them unceremoniously out of their parade step, before those self-complacent German officers had got wind of the intended insult.

"*Eh, les gosses!*" I exclaimed severely, "don't you know that you must not do that? What would your mothers say? Go home at once."

"Why," retorted one, his small face aglow with the fun of the dangerous game, "that is just what the Cardinal Mercier would *like* us to do. Why not?"

I confess I think that child came somewhere near the truth, for if Cardinal Mercier had been a little boy, under the same conditions, I think that is *just* what he would himself have done,—"the fighting Cardinal."

The time passed slowly on. If anything could deepen the new hope which had sprung up on that New Year's Day, if anything could intensify the enthusiasm, it was the news, not so very long after, that Cardinal Mercier had refused unequivocally to sign an ignominious paper, prepared by the Germans,—a kind of recantation of what he had written in the Pastoral Letter; while if anything could stiffen the defiance, and fan it into flame, it was the persistent rumour that he had been made a prisoner in his own archiepiscopal palace at Malines. The story of those eventful days, of his dignified, invariably courteous, but perfectly definite refusal to withdraw any of the statements he had made in the Pastoral Letter; his firm adherence to his right, as Primate of Belgium, to print and circulate that Letter, can be read in any book which recounts the story of his war days, and it is a story well worth the reading. This naturally quiet, retiring man had the inflexibility of steel, and a tenacity, where his ideals and his duty were in question, which was completely defeating to those who tried to coerce him. As I went about my work, day by day, I had ample opportunity to see the effect of this firm stand of Cardinal Mercier, on the *morale* of the people. "It is a moving thing," was written of him at that time, "to see opening this duel between one man standing alone, armed simply with the power of right, and one of the most formidable Empires of the world." He never flinched; he stood immovably for what he knew to be his duty as churchman and as man, and he daily risked his life and his liberty to sustain and comfort his priests and his people. I suppose that the world has seldom seen a better example of a student, a born recluse, who, because of moral obligation and the circumstances of his life, becomes, in the turn of a moment, the trenchant man of action.

I think perhaps that next to the reading of that first war-time Pastoral Letter, there stands out in my memory one other incident of national importance, which has a poignancy that is never dimmed, and I think never can be dimmed. This was the playing of the National Anthem, *La Brabançonne*, after the celebration of mass on Sunday mornings in the church of St. Jacques, behind the Royal Palace, which had been transformed by the Queen (before the Court had been forced to leave Brussels), into a hospital for wounded Belgian soldiers. I do not remember just when this custom was first established, and no one *ever* seemed to understand or to explain why the Germans permitted it at all, but it has always been my private conviction that Cardinal Mercier was responsible for it, and that the Germans, as usual, felt their impotence when coming face to face with him. It is a fairly large, and to me, not a particularly sympathetic church, but it is filled with such deep and sacred emotions as can be found only when masses of people meet together by common consent, whether for the purpose of expressing a deep and widespread sorrow, or in order to show their loyalty and devotion to a great cause. Imagine a war-harassed people, whose King had been driven into exile; who were not

allowed to wear their national colours; who had seen men and women and even children butchered before their eyes; who could get practically no authentic news from the outside world save what the invading enemy chose to permit; who could not even travel a few miles, from one town to another, in their own country, without permission from that enemy (permission being but too often denied)—imagine those people hearing their own National Anthem swelling on the full voice of a splendid organ, for just a few minutes, once a week! On these occasions St. Jacques was, of course, always crowded; there was seldom even standing room in the aisles, unless you went hours ahead of time. People waited in long lines, hoping to get in, but always, hundreds had to turn sadly away. I only attended a few times, for my duties made that Sunday morning hour a difficult one for me, but those few times are indelibly engraved on my memory. As mass drew toward its conclusion, one could feel the intensity of emotion deepen, and at its termination, after a solemn and impressive pause, when not a sound could be heard, not even the low breathing of that rapt crowd, the crashing and martial chords of *La Brabançonne* would thunder. Hardly a man or woman of that vast congregation who was not in deepest mourning, hardly anyone who was not thinking of those who had already fallen, or who might be on the eve of making the great sacrifice; but all stood immobile, like statues, silent, grave, only in their eyes one could see the fires burning. It remains a sacred experience, and one came away feeling that one had been allowed to look for a brief moment on the bared heart of a suffering friend. I think Cardinal Mercier *must* have been behind it all; it had his peculiar touch.

One of Cardinal Mercier's most passionate wishes, when the first terrible sweep of the Germans across Belgium had passed, was that the rebuilding of the devastated areas should begin at once, and I well remember my surprise and admiration when, motoring into the provinces in the spring of 1915, after the long, dark, miserable winter, I witnessed the energy, the unflagging hope, which the simple peasants, who had lost their all, displayed. Friends from home had sent me war funds, and I wanted to distribute the money personally, where it seemed most needed. This took me far afield, to terrible Dinant, round by the forts of Namur and Liége, north again through unforgetable Louvain, up toward Visé, where the Germans first crossed the Belgian frontier, —in fact it seemed as though we had been the length and breadth of the little Kingdom. Of all the crowding memories which I brought back with me, two stand out,—one never quite knows why one event is remembered more than another, though perhaps in this case, it was because the name of Cardinal Mercier was especially invoked.

In a tiny little town, not far from Hasselt, we stopped, because one of the Belgian friends who was with me wanted to get news of a certain convent with which she was intimately connected. We found the town in ruins, of course; the village street with scarcely a wall intact; the convent itself mostly but a pile of bricks; but we sat out in what had been the convent garden, we sat on piles of loose bricks or on fallen pieces of coping stone,—whatever we could find—

and the Mother Superior told me some of their story. They had hoped, up to the last moment, that they would not have to leave; war had never touched any of them, and they had no conception of what it was like; but news came one night that the Germans were advancing quickly, that they were not two hours' march away; that all the women and children in the village must run for their lives; that there was not a moment to be lost. The Mother Superior said, turning to one of the nuns: "Do you remember what a time we had with all our ducks and chickens? And then, the little pig! . . We were determined," she continued, addressing me, "that we would not leave *anything* which the Germans could eat; besides, we loved our pets and we did not want them killed, so we started out, at eleven o'clock that night, to walk into Holland and safety, but every nun carried an indignant and protesting hen or duck under each arm, and I," said the Mother Superior, with great dignity, but with a lurking twinkle in her eye, "*I* carried the baby pig." When later, on the general advice of Cardinal Mercier (in a parochial letter, I think it was), all Belgian refugees were advised to return to their homes, which they were exhorted to commence rebuilding at once, this little company of good women decided to follow the counsel of the Prelate; but sad indeed was the home-coming. Hardly any village remained, and only a few sad traces of their convent. "But," added the Mother Superior, with an air of great good sense and acceptance, "there is still a small corner of what was once our school room standing, and we have begun school again with such children as have returned, and since his Eminence has advised rebuilding, we all take turns" (meaning herself and her nuns) "in trying to piece our walls together. All our builders have gone to the front, and there are only Monsieur le Curé and a few old men and the women and children left; but you see we are getting on very well" she concluded, pointing to a place in the garden where there was a kind of home-brew of cement, "our walls are rising only very slowly, it is true, but on these fine, clear moonlight nights, we can work in shifts all night long, and I think we shall soon have a roof over our heads again,—and Monsieur le Curé tells us that that will surely please his Eminence," and her voice sounded as though she were receiving a benediction.

That is one picture. The other is of an old and lonely man, sitting on the ruins of his home, not far from where the terrible battle of Eppeghem had been fought. We sat on the edge of what had once been the cellar of his little house, now a mere shapeless hole in the ground,—the cellar where, he told me reminiscently, he used to store his potatoes in the winter. The guns, though distant, were loud that day,—a big battle was evidently going on along the Yser—and I looked with surprise at a tiny peach tree (a delicate pink mist), because it seemed so out of place there, in those dreary surroundings. I remember how much I missed the singing of birds (that was the fault of the peach tree,—it made me long to hear them), but when I asked this quiet, lonely man about them, he told me that they had all gone, and that they had never come back. He told me that he was going to begin rebuilding because all good Belgians had been asked to do this, but that he had no heart for it. Then after a distressed

pause, he told me a story which I cannot write, a story of his granddaughter and his two young grandsons, left in his care when their father went with his regiment; how before they were shot he had been forced by the Germans to dig their graves, and then, afterwards, how he had buried them. We sat there a very long time in silence; he shed no tear, he only bowed his head over his folded hands, and was so still that it was like death. Then, at last he looked up:

"Did you hear the Pastoral on New Year's Day? Do you know it?"

"Yes," I answered, "I know it well."

"Ah, then you will understand"; but seeing that I wanted him to explain further,—"that Pastoral Letter was the first thing that gave me back some courage—may his Eminence be blessed for ever—for when, in my bitterness, I used to ask myself why so much shame and misery should come to us all, I repeated those words of his: 'There is nothing to answer. The answer remains the secret of God.'"

During the remaining months that I was in Belgium, there was daily and increasing evidence of Cardinal Mercier's tireless devotion. He was everywhere, exhorting, comforting, cheering. He never allowed the courage of the people to weaken, he never allowed their faith in ultimate victory to relax. He was utterly fearless, and disdainful of personal safety; personal considerations of any kind never seemed to enter into his calculations. He called the Germans to severe account for every misdeed, regardless of threats, pursuing them until he obliged them to listen; pounding at their doors until he forced them to answer. His fiery denunciation of the treatment of his priests, large numbers of whom had been tortured and killed during the first unbridled weeks of invasion; his loud and indignant protest in the cause of the Belgian army doctors confined in Heidelberg; his dogged insistence that a rigid inquiry must be made into the known assaults on civilians by German soldiers;—all these matters, which have now become the history of past days, were to us, who lived in and through those days, very vivid history in the making. Indeed, I often wonder what life in occupied Belgium would have been, with Cardinal Mercier out of the picture, for we were like a huge internment camp, so cut off were we from the outside world. Only a little real news ever sifted in to us; most of it had to be seen through German spectacles,—the German press. In the twelvemonth that I was there, I received only two letters of any kind from home, and those were smuggled in by secret courier. This gives an idea of our isolation, and if I, as a "neutral," felt this isolation, even while knowing that at any moment I chose, I could leave the country and turn my back on the hated enemy, what must it have meant to the Belgians, who were obliged to endure to the very end, and that end still uncertain! Internment camps are not very healthy places; the war showed us that. Too often misgiving, if not actual despair, gnaws at the roots of courage. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Cardinal Mercier recognized the danger of just this, and he did his utmost to keep our hope and our faith alive; he pounded at us as he pounded at the Germans, only in a different key, and we all became malleable under the magic of his touch. Always he called to us to consecrate our lives more per-

fectly to Christ, the Master; his own life seemed lost in Him. He rebuked us for our weaknesses: "You are at the mercy of events, whereas you ought to dominate them. You obey your emotions, whereas it is your duty, and within your power, to control them. Reduce them to silence . . ." Always he pleaded for more austerity of living: "I exhort you . . . to accept with all your hearts the privations you have to endure; to simplify still further, if it be possible, your way of life." He never spared us, but he had faith in us, and that faith was our great inspiration and refreshment: "Do you not feel that the war . . . purifies you, separates your higher nature from the dross, draws you away to uplift you towards something nobler and better than yourselves?" "Truce, then, my Brethren, to all murmurs of complaint." It has been well written of him, by one who knew and loved him: "Belgium under the occupation without Cardinal Mercier as guide and support, is unthinkable."

Cardinal Mercier was, no doubt quite unconsciously to himself, very much of a Theosophist, possessing in marked degree many of the qualities which we recognize as indispensably Theosophical. No one can read his Pastorals, the Retreats to his Priests, or his Letters, without recognizing an immensely wide and generous tolerance for everything, great and small, always providing that it possessed the one essential,—integrity of purpose. "Christian Unity" had long been one of his profoundest hopes, and thinking and planning for it occupied his last hours. In 1916 he gave a public address in Brussels, in which he said: "National union of hearts is linked among us to world-wide brotherhood. But above this sentiment of world-wide brotherhood we place respect for absolute right, without which intercourse either between individuals or between nations is impossible." Therefore we see that, side by side with this great and noble tolerance of his, was its twin opposite,—a stern and vigorous condemnation of evil. His eyes were never for a moment blind to the justice of the cause for which his nation was fighting, and his published letters to von Bissing are gems of coldly courteous defiance, of scathing and merciless accusation, such as must have withered whatever Teutonic susceptibilities the German Governor General of Belgium possessed. Yet while calling the Germans to strictest account for their nameless atrocities and outrages, he reminds his own people that these ills must be borne with courage and with patience,—even, it is hinted, with a secret, and as it were, a holy content, for may not this great calamity, which has swept over the land, be, in fact, an opportunity for the settling of debts, a just accounting for past sin? There is almost a suggestion of Karmic working when he writes: "It would perhaps be cruel to dwell upon our guilt now, when we are paying so well and so nobly what we owe. But shall we not confess that we have indeed something to expiate? He who has received much, from him shall much be required." Suffering to him, is essential to growth, and he speaks of the "providential law of suffering"; "there is even more virtue at times in suffering than in action." "To rebel against pain, to revolt against Providence, because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence we came, the school in which we have been taught, the example that each of us carries graven in the

name of a Christian," and since we know that we grow with suffering, "it ill becomes us to complain whatever we may be called upon to endure."

Cardinal Mercier had no Christian Science illusions about good and evil. His views on the subject were sharp and clear. If he had known of the Black Lodge, he would have been the first, I think, to recognize that his fight was against the Black forces, that this very fight was "the visible expression of a vast invisible conflict." His ideas of patriotism far transcended nation-limits. Love of country was symbolic of the Unity of all Life, and this, to Cardinal Mercier, meant service in the cause of Christ. "The religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For our religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realizable only in the Absolute,"—in Unity of Being. But there can be no Unity of Being where evil is in the midst; therefore he says: "I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligation of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil, and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore in soul and conscience you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience." Further, in order to preserve or to re-establish this unity when evil threatens: "Wars have become inevitable, and as long as there are upon the earth men guilty of allowing their passions to dominate their reason, and their reason to set itself above the Divine Will, universal pacifism will be a dream. Nay, more than this: to desire peace for its own sake, peace at any price, would be to accept with equal indifference justice and injustice, truth and falsehood; it would be an act of cowardice, an impiety." "Nevertheless," he continues, "a great artist is able to resolve discords into harmonies"; and this, to Cardinal Mercier, means that Love and Sacrifice are indispensable to Life: "Across the smoke of conflagration, across the steam of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs, of His love for us? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? . . . What does it matter whether you die young or old, in bed or on the battle-field, far from those belonging to you, or near to them? What in the last resort will it matter to you whether your days have been passed happily, in a much loved home, in comfort and abundance, surrounded by affection and esteem, or whether you have lived in affliction, in solitude, perhaps in poverty, bowed down with suspicion, humiliation, and oppression? How will you look upon and judge these trifles, when you contemplate them from eternity? Whatever may betide you, there is something in you which no person and no event can touch; this is your soul. And this soul, which belongs to you, and is yours, of which you are the master, was made to enjoy God, and will enjoy God, if that be your desire; it will embrace Him and be embraced by Him, not for the brief space of a man's life, or for an historic period, but eternally, for ever and ever. So, Brethren, lift up your eyes, I beseech you, and keep them fixed upon the pole star of your eternity. Eternity! We all lack courage to look at it steadily, even for a space. Lay hold of it as closely as you can; keep it fixed in your

imagination for an hour, a half hour, a quarter of an hour; concentrate your thoughts on it; during this quarter of an hour see only this, and in it God, the God that was made Man, your Creator, your Saviour and your Judge; you, confronting it, made for it, determine to forget all else, for this short space of time; and you will rise enlightened, tempered, fortified." "Such is the fundamental solution of the essential problems of life, for individuals as for nations: the Passion before the Resurrection, death to attain life, the Cross to enter into glory."

Finally, in one of the bitterest hours of that long and bitter ordeal, looking forward with the eyes of faith to the anniversary of Belgium's independence, this prophecy: "When in 1930 we remember the dark years of 1914–1916, they will appear to us brighter, more majestic, and, provided to-day we know how to make up our mind, they will prove the happiest and most fruitful of our national history. '*Per crucem ad lucem.*' Light springs from sacrifice."

T. D.

Again you will perhaps encounter effeminate temperaments for whom war is simply the explosion of mines, the bursting of shells, the slaughter of men, the shedding of blood, a litter of corpses; you will find low-souled politicians who see no other stake in a battle but the interest of a day, the capture of territory or of a province. But no! If, in spite of its horrors, war—I mean a just war—has so much austere beauty, this is because it is the unselfish inspiration of a whole people, which gives, or is prepared to give, that which it values most, its life, for the defence and vindication of something which cannot be weighed, which cannot be numbered, which cannot be bought; justice, honour, peace, liberty!

CARDINAL MERCIER.

AN APPROACH TO SPIRITUAL SCIENCE

ALL science has its roots in experience, and among the causes to which it owes its origin, none has been more potent than the two-fold need to understand our experience, and so to record it as to make it of benefit to ourselves and to others. In any approach to spiritual science, therefore, we must be concerned with the problem as to how each aspect of this dual need may be met, and we may best begin by asking ourselves what is involved in understanding, and upon what it rests.

In the infinite variety of our contacts with what lies within and without us, we meet things that seem ordinary and natural, composed of elements that we recognize and that are grouped together in familiar ways. We say that we *under*stand these things, meaning thereby that we see them as of one piece with the whole unified body of past experience, which *under*lies our present standpoint and outlook. But other things seem strange, startling, and so out of line, or even contradictory to our preconceptions, that we do not see how they fit into what we already know. Such things appear as a break in the unity and coherence of experience, and in order to understand them, this break must be filled in, and the new be assimilated to the old by a process of *explanation*. The derivation of the word shows the nature of the process. Literally, *ex-plain* means, from the plain; so, to explain any thing or happening is to show how it arises from plain things. It is to unify the strange with the familiar, by looking so deeply into each, so analysing both, as to see the one as but an extension of the other. Therefore, though no experience is ever exactly repeated, since the total content of consciousness can never be twice the same, the possibility of understanding any happening depends upon our ability to regard it as in some way a repetition or continuance of what we have met in the past, recognizing within it the same elements, combined and controlled in accordance with the same principles, as are present and operative in ordinary events. The secret of the mysterious and the great must be found, if it is to be found at all, within the simple and the small; and science, in furthering its purpose of making understanding possible, must advance less by the discovery of new principles—which, being new, would themselves require explanation and co-ordination with the old—than by the extension of familiar principles into new fields, through the perception that they have a wider application than we had supposed.

The classical example of this, in physical science, is Newton's formulation of the law of gravitation. It would be absurd to credit him, or any one, with the discovery of the *fact* of gravitation. The knowledge that apples, and babies,

fall when not held up, is at least as old as the human race. We give Newton credit, not for the discovery of this principle, but for the leap of the imagination which enabled him to lift it from the earth to the heavens. He conceived of its *universal* application, assuming that, as the apple fell to the ground, so *all* things must fall together, and in this universalization of every one's concrete, commonplace experience, he found the explanation of the courses of the stars.

If we turn now from the need of understanding, to that of recording our experience, and ask ourselves what it involves, we shall find that the requirements of description and explanation are essentially the same. We see at once that we can describe only what is permanent and already familiar to us, or what is composed of permanent and familiar elements; for all description must employ words or symbols which have a fixed meaning, and this meaning can only have been acquired through the experience of the past.

Therefore, whether we look to the one aspect or the other of the dual function which science must fulfil, we see that the possibility of each depends upon there being, within all difference and variation, something which persists unchanged, uniting and reconciling the new with the old. It is the aim of science to search out and reveal these permanences, and were it not for our faith in their existence, the whole enterprise would be meaningless and left without support. In the last analysis, therefore, science rests upon the inherent and ineradicable faith of man that the universe is in some way one, that its fabric is all of one piece, so that, wherever we lay our hand upon it, we touch the same warp and woof. It implies that within the experience of any thing, lies wrapped the potential experience of every thing; or, in Emerson's much quoted phrase, that within each atom the whole universe contrives to integrate itself. This is the basic faith from which all science has its rise.

But though faith in unity be the beginning, we must remember that its realization is the goal. It is not unity, but multiplicity, which we first see, when, in advance of explanation, we look out upon the variety of nature, or inward to the complexities of our own moods; and this multiplicity can be unified only little by little, as contiguous elements are observed to cohere along some thread of permanence which lies within them. Each different experience presents a new question, but furnishes, also, a new vantage point for understanding, a new centre from which explanation and unification can proceed. Thus it is that science has become subdivided into many sciences, each spreading from a different centre of familiar experience and revealing unity within fields which, at first separate, become merged through the overlapping of their steadily advancing boundaries. So we might become acquainted with a foreign state, by taking up our residence successively in its principal cities and exploring their environs in ever widening circles until the whole country had been covered. The advantage of such a method is immediately apparent—even where it be not forced by the presence of chasms that we have been as yet unable either to fathom or to bridge; for though the entire world has now been so mapped as to enable us to locate Versailles, let us say, with reference to Chicago or Pekin, it is far more easily and economically visited from Paris, and

described in reference to it. Indeed, if we were to make the journey from one of the more distant points, it is probable that we should go first to Paris, and in all the early stages of the trip we should be concerned, even more generally, with the problem of getting to Europe. It is this which would appear as our real difficulty, and we should have little doubt that we could find Versailles, and walk in the beauty of its gardens, if some kind genie would only set us down upon the soil of France.

I think that it is in some such way as this that most men feel, when they first turn their thoughts to spiritual science and to the possibility of exploring for themselves its riches. It seems to them to be concerned with a far distant country,—beyond a wide ocean, or unmapped deserts, which they do not know how to cross. They feel at home with matter, and can see physical science as close at hand, occupied with their own familiar experience and everyday affairs. But the very word "spirit" suggests to them something infinitely remote and "other-worldly." It is strange that this feeling should be so common, for the least reflection shows that it cannot be sound. However wide and unexplained be the gulf between spirit and matter, between the inner and the outer world, it is certain that life itself unites them, and that everything that lives, lives in both worlds at once. We need no other genie than our own self-consciousness to transport us to where we already are; no other magic than that of life to annihilate the gulf.

What is it that we mean by "spirit"? As a word it is derived from the Latin *spiritus*, "the breath of life," and if we turn to the dictionary we shall find a long list of the ways in which it is used: "an immaterial substance," "an intelligent being imperceptible to the senses," "the soul of man," "ardour, courage, temper or disposition of mind, the intellectual powers of man as distinct from the body, . . . the purest part of a body, its essential quality, . . . real meaning as opposed to the letter, the immortal part of man, pre-eminently the Holy Spirit, anything eminently pure and refined." Are these ideas remote and unfamiliar to us? Are they not, on the contrary, concepts that enter into all our sentient life, more closely and intimately a part of our being than is anything material? Indeed, as we consider what we know of matter—which physical science to-day has so refined as to leave only the substratum of invisible centres of force—and reflect on how that knowledge has come to us, we are forced to recognize that we know it only through the powers of the spirit,—through consciousness, sensation and thought,—and that we can know nothing in any other way. For consciousness itself is not material but spiritual, "an immaterial substance," an intelligence "imperceptible to the senses." Therefore it is clear that, of the two, it is not matter but spirit which lies closest to us, so close and familiar as to be "the breath of life,"—for surely nothing, unless it be his God, or the Master on whose ray he stands, can be closer to a man than his own self, or more familiar to him than his own thought. It is with these close and familiar things that spiritual science is primarily concerned, and it is through and in them that it reveals the eternal principles and unities of spiritual life.

It may, perhaps, be objected that we are using "spirit" and "spiritual" in a very broad sense, to make them thus coextensive with the whole of life, covering consciousness and the self, the thinker and the thoughts he thinks, will and imagination and desire, and the essential being of all things, in contradistinction to the vehicle which makes manifest that being. To this we should make a two-fold reply. First, that we must give these words the broadest possible meaning, if they are to indicate the true scope of spiritual science; and, second, that at the beginning of any inquiry we need general rather than specific terms, lest our speech become more precise than our thought. To revert to our previous illustration, a man in Chicago must consider how he is to get to Europe, before he finds it pertinent to determine how he will thereafter shape his course to Versailles. The general direction is all that he needs at first, and it is only confusing to insist upon the exact compass-bearing of his ultimate destination. As we advance in spiritual science, we shall have to become more and more discriminating, and shall have the greatest need to refine our use of words. We shall be hampered at every turn by the lack of precisely defined terms to express subtile shades of meaning, and shall be tempted to coin words (as physical science has had to do), or to borrow from older tongues, more habituated to metaphysical distinctions, or (again following the example of physical science, in its use of such words as force, power and energy) to establish apparently artificial differences between synonyms. But here at the outset we are concerned with broad groups of concepts, continents of experience and thought; and as, to us in America, to look to France or Belgium, Italy or Spain, is alike to look to Europe, so we may use the common part of many different words, the soul and the self, the thinker and perceiver, the individuality and the personality, to point to the spiritual being of man. All are of the spirit, rather than of matter, and we need not be troubled because, as not all that is human is humane, so not all that is spirit is spiritual, but may, on the contrary, be of the earth, earthy.

Whether we be good or bad, therefore, concerned with the aggrandizement of self or in furthering the interests of others, turning our thoughts to the making of money or to preparation for the life after death, we are nevertheless spiritual beings, living in the spiritual world, and rich in the spiritual experience whose meaning and universal significance it is the function of spiritual science to reveal. Day by day and in every moment of the day, we are instinctively obedient to spiritual laws which we yet leave unrecognized; and in order to reveal and bring them to clear consciousness, we have only to follow the same procedure, in dealing with our spiritual experience, as physical science pursues in its investigation of material phenomena. In the way in which *our* consciousness moves we have a working model of the way in which *all* consciousness moves; and we have but to examine the familiar, commonplace working of our own thought—the most familiar of all things to each of us—in order to uncover spiritual principles which characterize the action of spirit through the whole range of our experience, and which "explain" the remote by showing its unity with what is at hand.

We may well approach spiritual science by means of this experiment, and inquire more closely into the nature of thought. How do we think?

The answer is not immediately obvious. We think in many different ways. But as we review our thoughts—not now in close examination, but rather in broad outline—we see that they tend to group themselves on different levels or planes. Perhaps the first and lowest which we notice is the mere "day-dreaming," where idle fancies, mental images, reflections and echoes of thought and desire, drift in disconnected fashion through our minds. We shall not concern ourselves with this plane, where our mental life is little more than that of the oyster,—content to open its mouth for whatever food the tides may waft to it. All that we need note of this is that we are, in fact, immersed in a psychic sea—an ocean of thought stuff. Let us at least rise to the plane of the fish, which seeks and pursues its food, and consider purposive thought, thought which has an aim, the thinking that seeks an answer to a question, and which is demanded of us whenever we must decide what is true and what is false, or how we shall act. We may best examine this through a concrete illustration.

A small boy is watching a paper-hanger. He is scraping the old paper from the wall, and the boy's attention is arrested by something "queer" in the way he holds the scraper. His little finger is not curled around the handle, but is held out straight, like that of a very "genteel" person drinking tea. It seems strange to the boy. What does it mean? Has he hurt his finger? He looks more closely and notices that the little finger nail is very long. He thinks that if the little finger were closed around the end of the handle, this long nail would probably run into the palm of the hand. Closing his own fist makes this seem most likely; so the sense of "queerness" is narrowed down from the position and movement of the hand to the mere fact of long finger nails. But *why* should the paper-hanger have long finger nails? What does it *mean?* Long finger nails suggest a Chinaman. The boy has never seen a Chinaman, but he has been studying geography and has read that Chinese gentlemen cultivate long finger nails. He wonders if the paper-hanger is a Chinaman. He brings to mind what the geography said of the Chinese,—that in addition to long finger nails, they have yellow skin, slanting eyes, and long, straight, black hair, which they wear in a pig-tail. He tries to fit these characteristics to the paper-hanger. They do not fit very well. There is certainly no pig-tail. The hair is not black; it is red. He is not quite sure about the skin, as he does not know how yellow a skin must be in order to be yellow. It looks as though there were "some yellow" in the paper-hanger's skin. The same doubt exists about the eyes. How slanting must eyes be in order to be slanting? The eyes seem to slant "some." But the boy is not satisfied. The explanation that the paper-hanger is a Chinaman removes the "queerness" of the long finger nails, but it introduces other "queernesses,"—a Chinaman without a pig-tail and with red hair. The suggested solution does not fit all the facts. The boy stares and ponders.

The paper-hanger lays his scraper down and opens his hand. The boy sees

his other finger nails. They are as short as his own. At first, this makes the mystery deeper, the problem harder, the "queerness" all the more "queer." Why should just one finger nail be long, instead of all ten long, or all ten short? But suddenly this added difficulty suggests a new explanation. Only part of his finger nails are long; perhaps he is only part Chinese,—one-tenth Chinese. This comes as a great light. The pieces of the puzzle seem to fall into place; the eyes slanting "some," the "some yellow" in the skin. The hair? Here a difficulty remains. What would one-tenth black hair and one-tenth pig-tail look like? The paper-hanger's hair is "pretty long," and it *might* be a brighter red. Perhaps one-tenth black hair and nine-tenths very, very red hair would mix just that way. The boy feels satisfied. He *understands*. The anomaly has disappeared, and only intense interest remains in seeing a new kind of being, who, nevertheless, has a quite proper place among other beings.

This illustration exemplifies the typical movement of sound, reflective thought through its successive phases. That small boy was thinking logically, and indeed scientifically, throughout. It matters not at all, for our present purpose, that his conclusions were later proved untrue. His thought had, nevertheless, reached the goal it had set itself,—the attainment of a point of view which removed the disturbing sense of singularity, and which reconciled all the known facts in one coherent, self-consistent whole. He was misled only in the way in which material science itself is so often misled; and though it takes us a little aside from our main theme, it may be worth while to trace the sequel which revealed this, and taught the boy a lesson he scarcely knew he learned, but never afterwards forgot.

A new chapter opened when, later in the day, he told his mother of his discovery. She would not have it that "Paddy Murphy" was Chinese, not even one-tenth Chinese. As for the long finger nail, he had probably forgotten to cut it; and to the boy's rush of protestation that he couldn't have forgotten to cut just one finger nail, that, as plain as plain, in the way he held his finger, he was remembering all the time, and that it all *fitted* for him to be Chinese, she replied only that she was sure he was not. Against the calm fixity of her unbelief, the boy's eager arguments dashed themselves in vain, till their backwash undermined even his own faith, and left him—as had many similar incidents before—in an inner turmoil of bewilderment, irritation, and the first chaotic beginnings of intellectual humility. His mother *knew*. She did not need to think; she was just *sure*. But how could one be so sure? How could one know, without thinking? And what was wrong with thought, when it all fitted, and yet was not true? The boy returned to the dismantled room, again to stare and ponder at the paper-hanger, who was not Chinese but Irish, though he had a finger nail that only a Chinaman should have.

By this time the old paper was off and some of the new on, a narrow strip of wall having been reached between the corner and the door. A length of paper lay unrolled on a long board table. Paddy placed his rule, and, without tool or pencil, with only one swift movement of his hand, a sharp crease

appeared on the paper beside the ruler's edge. The boy almost jumped, as first amazement, then relief, and finally delight, swept over him. Now, indeed, he understood! He mustered up his courage to make Paddy confirm what he had seen. "Do you leave your nail long," he asked, "so that it can mark the paper that way, without any pencil?" "Sure, sonny," said Paddy, "you guessed it the first time." "It wasn't the first time," said the boy; then added, after a moment's illuminating introspection, "At first I thought it had to be in you. But it doesn't; it can be in what you are going to do." To which cryptic remark Paddy could only answer "Hey?"

The boy had discovered for himself the reason why he had been misled,—a discovery which was to prove of lasting effect upon all his later thinking and whole view of life. Unintentionally and unconsciously, he had confined his search for the solution of his human problem, within the same limits that material science, having first imposed them upon itself in its study of physical phenomena, has hesitated to overstep in the newer and broader field of biological research. He had sought, as does such science, only a genetic explanation: to find something in the nature and origin, the heredity or "evolution," of the paper-hanger, which would account for his peculiar characteristic. In his ignorance of any use which one long finger nail could serve, the facts had not suggested any *purpose* to him, and so he had left purpose wholly out of his considerations. But it was there that the solution actually lay; and though the boy did not know the value of the lesson he was learning, he began from that day to try to read his riddles in terms of free will and freely chosen desires, as well as of compulsion; to look forward as well as back, in the realization that what nature and the past do not explain, purpose and the future may make clear, since, in the flux of life, where we deal ceaselessly with middle terms, the character of the means is determined no less by the ends they are to serve than by the beginnings from which they are shaped, and past, present and future can be understood only as one.

We must return, however, to our proper theme, and our immediate concern is to make clear, through the illustration we have given, the characteristic rhythm which marks all sound reflective thought. We may recognize seven successive phases through which it proceeds.

1. The arresting of attention by something anomalous, something unplaced in relation to the body of our experience, or, more generally, which raises a question and challenges explanation; in short, the becoming aware of the existence of a problem. (The boy is struck by the odd way the paper-hanger holds his hand.)

2. The dwelling of attention upon that which has arrested it, to determine in just what the anomaly consists, the problem thereby becoming narrowed and more sharply set. (The "queerness" of the position of the hand becomes narrowed to the problem of the long finger nail.)

3. The passing of thought, by a process of suggestion, from the outer to the inner world, from *percepts* to *concepts*, from the outer, concrete facts perceived, to the related inner store of abstract conceptions, memories and

ideas, which offer themselves as suggestions for a possible solution. (The concrete fact of long finger nails suggests the concept of a Chinaman.)

4. The tracing, in detail, of the consequences of the suggestion, uncovering and unfolding what it involves and necessitates. (The characteristic eyes, skin and hair of a Chinaman.)

5. The passing back of thought from the unmanifest to the manifest, carrying with it a picture of the expanded consequences of the conceived solution, which is compared in detail with the concrete facts,—this comparison involving a re-examination of the facts. (The boy considers the paper-hanger's eyes, skin, and hair, in comparison with his imagined picture of a Chinaman.)

6. The use of this comparison as a test, whereby the thinker decides whether the suggested explanation must be rejected, modified, or accepted as true. (The boy rejects a Chinaman with red hair.)

7. The turning of thought to the action required by its decision. (The boy stares and ponders,—until the discovery of new facts prompts a new suggestion, and the cycle repeats itself.)

Of these seven phases in the rhythm of such reflective thought, the first and last two, four in all, deal primarily with the facts as they appear in the outer world, where the problem had its origin and where whatever action is needed must be taken. The third and fifth are transition stages, linking the outer and inner together in the ascent from percepts to concepts and in the descent again from conception to fact; while the middle stage, the fourth, is occupied directly with the inner world of ideas and their content and consequences. There is thus a lower quaternary and an upper triad; and though such a division, when drawn, as here, from a single example, may appear arbitrary and artificial, it is nevertheless typical, and may be constantly recognized in the interaction of spirit and matter.

But what is of more moment to us than the classification of the phases through which thought passes, is to see clearly that, like life itself, thought links the inner and the outer world, and is constituted by an interaction between them. The initial sense of irregularity, which prompts the movement of thought, is itself such an interaction,—a perception of discrepancy between the inner world of our ideas and the outer world of facts. This interaction must continue until the discrepancy is removed,—or until thought dies in the abandonment of the effort. This is the first principle of thought,—the principle of unity or of wholeness: that, as it is above, so it must be below; that all must be one. And if we attempt to generalize this first principle, which our illustration reveals, and to consider it in its universal aspect, as characterizing all spiritual being, we shall see it as fundamentally a moral principle, and shall recognize anew that *holiness* and *wholeness* derive from the same root and mean the same thing.

We turn next to consider the character of this interaction. As we have already observed, it is a rhythmic or *cyclic* movement back and forth between the manifest and the unmanifest, between spirit and matter, involving the alternation of induction (the suggestion or intuition of a concept as a whole)

and deduction (which unfolds and applies in detail the consequences of that concept). No thought is complete that does not include each of these complementary processes. Thought, feeling, interest, which concern themselves only with abstractions and theories, without passing on to their concrete application in action, or which, on the other hand, are confined to concrete things, without reference to the spiritual significance within them, alike break this cycle and become thereby fragmentary, false and futile. The universality of this cyclic law is immediately apparent. Wherever we look we see the same cyclic progression. Every action, every normal movement of life, follows the same rhythm. We see it in the running up and down of the sap of a tree, the budding and withering of its leaves; the succession of summer and winter, of day and night, of waking and sleeping; in the birth and death and rebirth again of the human soul; in evolution and involution, and the alternate periods of cosmic manifestation and pralaya. Always and everywhere there is this alternation of stress between spiritual meaning and material expression, this beating of the heart, characterizing all of life, from our simplest thought to God's creation of the universe.

As the purpose of this paper was only to indicate a way of approach to spiritual science—to show that it is at hand, close and accessible to all, through the familiar processes of our own everyday thoughts and feelings and acts—we cannot expand it unduly. But before we leave the illustration we have been considering, we may use it to open one more vista into the world of realities and the nature of our being.

As we look back to that small boy's thought, typifying so many greater things, we see that in the first half of the cycle, in the inductive half, where thought ascends through intuition and suggestion, from the manifest world of facts to the unmanifest world of concepts, the thinker exercises *choice*. The concept adopted as a trial solution of the problem is not *determined* by the facts, it is only *suggested* by them; and in general we have to choose between a variety of proffered suggestions. Moreover, the character of these suggestions is dependent no less upon the thinker than upon the outer conditions which prompt them. Here, therefore, there is *freedom*,—the exercise of personal preference and of choice. But once this choice is made, freedom is suspended until the time comes for the trial solution to be definitely confirmed or rejected. In the second half of the cycle,—the descending arc, where thought, having chosen its concept, works out its content and consequences through the process of deduction,—there is no choice. Here the thinker is under the compulsion of the spiritual being of the thing thought. It is what it is. It contains this and this, and not that and that. It has such and such consequences, and no others; and they follow, whether we will them or not. Here there is the dominion of *necessity*.

The secret of the mysterious and the great lies wrapped within the simple and the small. The trivial movement of a boy's thought reveals the scope of fate and freedom, of Karma and free-will.

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL.

S. O. S.

THEN they began to talk about guardian angels, and about fairies and elementals and such like, and their possible relation to ourselves, especially in relation to help: do they help us, and how do they help us, and what about them? As they talked my thoughts wandered back to the past, and I meditated on my old Southern lady,—God rest her captious noble soul. My Southern lady was an F. F. V. of Scotch extraction, stately and limited and fine; Presbyterian to the verge of rabies, and the envied of Satan for her power of scriptural reference. Her dark Karma (and mine) decreed that for a short time she should function as my chaperon and social sponsor. We really liked each other very much, and met in after years with mutual love and understanding and with all our old freemasonry of laughter unimpaired. But those early days together must be classed under the head of "monkey and parrot," for my own fine sense of the rights of seniority developed much later, while my Southern lady's perpetual application and misapplication of the scriptures was a *tour de force* of reverent blaspheming. Would that by quotation some hint of its maddening quality might be conveyed! If, for example, her own life clouds rolled up dark and threatening, she remarked "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"; when they gathered for some one else she said, "be sure your sins will find you out"; any sign that youth was kicking up its heels and feeling its oats was met by the reminder that it is the "wicked who flourish as a green bay tree," while, for herself, did it but stop raining, the very elements were invoked to prove that "the Lord taketh care of His own." The game as she played it had no rules, and the pseudo-spiritual reinforcements she brought up were of a breath-taking unfairness. Every match ended with her majestic announcement that the matter would be referred to the "throne of grace," and then I knew the game was up, for her throne of grace was her helpless minion and always decided in her favour. A great lady, a fine intelligence, a brilliantly humorous raconteuse,—faced with the Christian scriptures she unhooked her brains with the automatic gesture of one dropping a pince-nez, and thereafter lunged blindly about the arena, bereft of reason, but clutching fast her one obsession—that good Presbyterians are heaven's spoon-fed pets. So, being each of us, psychically, about five years old, and not having a grain of self-knowledge to pool between us, we loved, and laughed, and squabbled and parted by mutual consent. Meeting again in after years I, at least, had discovered that people, like cliffs, end where they finish, and had grown up to recognize my betters when I met them and to appreciate the fine Samuraian qualities of my friend. By-and-by it befell her to die as she had lived—in the lap of psychic luxury—and to pass, let us hope, straight into the Scotch Presbyterian Devachan, while I went on to further experiment, disillusion, expiation, and after long years, by many a winding

path, to home,—and *this* was home and these who were speaking were my brothers and my housemates. They were still talking about guardian angels, about fairies, about elementals—do they help us, and how and why and when, and well I knew their questions came, not from base material fear or greed, but from their aching desire to grow by any means.

One who knows was suggesting gently that we had never been told much about these matters; it was perhaps a sign that we should not think much about them; and then going on to speak of the Rays and the Masters at their head—for every one of us a Ray, for every one of us a Master—a Master eagerly stooping to help his children; and with that the half gods went, "once more the heartening splendour shone," and what have those who are called, to do with baby talk?

Perhaps most talk about "help" is baby talk, and unbased assurance no less babyish than craven fear. The theosophical student of all people cannot talk about it until he has sorted himself out by planes, for we have only to look at plumbers and Easter lilies to see that there is help for every one and everything on one plane or another. We can examine ourselves by planes. Have I, in any real sense, learnt anything since those far-off days when I so blindly fought the smug, the parasitic, the jew-peddler point of view, or am I tarred with the same stick, and is it still a jolt to hear that the top of the Hierarchy does not concern itself with my shoe buttons and my steam heat? Have I taught myself by honest experiment that planes and states of consciousness are correspondences, that we pass from lower to higher, not by a greased pole, as might at first appear, but by a bridge built of our aspiration, our desire, our love, and best of all (for here lies our *help*), a bridge supported from the other end. Do I know yet that the combined forces of heaven cannot give me the help that is the spontaneous flowering of a state of reality if I linger in lower states of oscillation? Has it dawned upon me that my right effort is my friendly fairy, my right thought my guardian angel?

Surely there is a theosophical *modus vivendi* here, and that without invocation to the lower psychic, or treaty with sub-humanity. We might watch the chêlas and so learn to have a little style about us. Chêlas surely live on a plane where one takes no thought for daily bread, but need not quarrel with it; where steam heat and shoe buttons are provided for, but not by Dhyan Chohans; where it is possible to be quiet, but not a quietist, and where, in a state of chronic sanity, the higher carelessness is reached. The Hierarchy is an unbroken continuity from the Master down to "the last little tail-tip called Fifine," and by this time, with all the help vouchsafed us, that ought not to be either you or me. Why not take heart and say to much that we have feared to let go, "*retro satanas*," for "the seven wise ones fashion seven paths—to one of these may the distressed mortal come." L.S.

LETTERS OF H. P. B. TO DR. FRANZ HARTMANN

1885–1886

(Continued)

VI

April 3rd, 1886.

My dear Doctor:—

I had given up all hope of ever hearing from you again, and was glad to receive to-day your letter. What you say in it seems to me like an echo of my own thoughts in many a way; only knowing the truth and the real state of things in the "occult world" better than you do, I am perhaps able to see better where the real mischief was and lies.

Well, I say honestly and impartially now—you are unjust to Olcott more than to anyone else; because you had no means to ascertain hitherto in what direction the evil blew from.

Mind you, Doctor, my dear friend, I do not justify Olcott in what he did and how he acted toward yourself—nor do I justify him in any thing else. What I say is: he was led on blindly by people as blind as himself to see you in quite a false light, and there was a time, for a month or two, when I myself—notwithstanding my inner voice, and to the day the Master's voice told me I was mistaken in you and had to keep friends—shared his blindness.[13]

This with regard to some people in Adyar; but there is another side to the question, of which you seem quite ignorant; and that I wanted to show to you, by furnishing you with documents, had you only come when I asked you. But you did not—and the result is, this letter of yours, that will also go against you in the eyes of Karma, whether you believe in the cross, empty of any particular entity on it—or in the Kwan-Shi-Yin of the Tibetans.

To dispose of this question for once, I propose to you to come between now and May the 10th, when I leave Würzburg to go elsewhere. So you have plenty of time to think over it, and to come and go as you like. The Countess is with me. You know her; she is no woman of gush or impulse. During the four months we have passed together, and the three months of utter solitude, we have had time to talk things over; and I will ask you to believe her, not me, when and if you come, which I hope you will.[14]

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[13] This refers to a certain intrigue, owing to which Col. Olcott was made to believe that I wanted to oust him from the presidential chair.—F. H.

[14] When I went to Würzburg I found that the whole trouble resulted from foolish gossip, started by Babajee, concerning my relations with a certain member of the T. S.—F. H.

As to the other side of the question, that portion of your letter where you speak of the "army" of the deluded—and "imaginary" Mahatmas of Olcott —you are absolutely and sadly right. Have I not seen the thing for nearly eight years? Have I not struggled and fought against Olcott's ardent and gushing imagination, and tried to stop him every day of my life? Was he not told by me (from a letter I received through a Yogi just returned from Lake Mansarovara) in 1881 (when he was preparing to go to Ceylon) that if he did not see the Masters in their true light, and did not cease speaking and inflaming people's imaginations, that he would be held responsible for all the evil the Society might come to? Was he not told there were no such Mahatmas, who Rishi-like could hold the Mount Meru on the tip of their finger and fly to and fro in their bodies (! !) at their will, and who were (or were imagined by fools) more gods on earth than a God in Heaven could be, etc., etc.? All this I saw, foresaw, despaired, fought against; and, finally, gave up the struggle in utter helplessness. If Sinnett has remained true and devoted to them to this day, it is because he never allowed his fancy to run away with his judgment and reason. Because he follows his common sense and discerned the truth, without sacrificing it to his ardent imagination. I told him the whole truth, from the first, as I had told Olcott and Hume also.

Hume knows the Mahatma K. H. exists, and holds to it to this day. But, angry and vexed with my Master, who spoke to him as though he (Hume) had never been a Secretary for the Indian Government and the great Hume of Simla—he denied him through pure viciousness and revenge.

Ah, if by some psychological process you could be made to see the whole truth; if in a dream or vision, you could be made to see the panorama of the last ten years, from the first year at New York to the last at Adyar, you would be happy and strong and just to the end of your life. I was sent to America on purpose, and sent to the Eddies. There I found Olcott in love with spirits, as he became in love with the Masters later on. I was ordered to let him know that spiritual phenomena without the philosophy of Occultism were dangerous and misleading. I proved to him that all that mediums could do through spirits of others, I could do at will without any spirits at all; that bells and thought reading, raps, and physical phenomena, could be achieved by anyone who had a faculty of acting in his physical body through the organs of his astral body, and I had that faculty ever since I was four years old, as all my family know. I could make furniture move and objects fly apparently, and my astral arms that supported them remained invisible; all this even before I knew even Masters. Well, I told him the whole truth. I said to him that I had known Adepts, the "Brothers," not only in India and beyond Ladahk, but in Egypt, Syria,—for there are "Brothers" there to this day. The names of the "Mahatmas" were not even known at the time, since they are called so only in India.[15] That whether they were called Rosicrucians, Kabbalists, Yogis—Adepts were everywhere Adepts—silent, secret,

[15] In Ceylon everybody of high standing is called "Mahatma"; the title seems to correspond to what in England is called "Esquire."—F. H.

retiring, and who would never divulge themselves entirely to anyone, unless one did as I did—passed seven and ten years' probation and given proofs of absolute devotion, and that he or she would keep silent even before a prospect and a threat of death. I fulfilled the requirements and am what I am, and this no Hodgson, no Coulombs, no Sellin, can take away from me. All I was allowed to say was—the truth: There is beyond the Himalayas a nucleus of Adepts of various nationalities; and the Teshu Lama knows them, and they act together, and some of them are with him and yet remain unknown in their true character even to the average lamas—who are ignorant fools mostly. My Master and K. H. and several others I know personally are there, coming and going, and they are all in communication with Adepts in Egypt and Syria, and even Europe. I said and proved that they could perform marvellous phenomena; but I also said that it was rarely that they would condescend to do so to satisfy enquirers. You were one of the few who had genuine communications with them; and if you doubt it now, I pity you, my poor friend, for you may repent one day for having lost your chance.[16]

Well, in New York already, Olcott and Judge went mad over the thing; but they kept it secret enough then. When we went to India, their very names were never pronounced in London or on the way (one of the supposed proofs —that I had invented the Mahatmas after I had come to India—of Mr. A. O. Hume). When we arrived, and Master coming bodily to Bombay, paid a visit to us at Girgaum, and several persons saw him, Wimbridge for one— Olcott became crazy. He was like Balaam's she-ass when she saw the angel! Then came Damodar, Servai, and several other fanatics, who began calling them "Mahatmas"; and, little by little, the Adepts were transformed into Gods on earth. They began to be appealed to, and made *puja* to, and were becoming with every day more legendary and miraculous. Now, if I tell you the answer I received from Keshow Pillai you will laugh, but it characterizes the thing. "But what is your idea of you Hindus about the Masters?"—I asked him one day when he prostrated himself flat before the picture in my golden locket. Then he told me that they (the Mahatmas) were their ancient Rishis, who had never died, and were some 700,000 years old. That they were represented as living in sacred trees, and when showing themselves were found to have long, green hair, and their bodies shining like the moon, etc., etc. Well, between this idea of the Mahatmas and Olcott's rhapsodies, what could I do? I saw with terror and anger the false track they were all pursuing. The "Masters" as all thought, must be omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent. If a Hindu or Parsi sighed for a son, or a government office, or was in trouble, and the Mahatmas never gave a sign of life—the good and faithful Parsi, the devoted Hindu, was unjustly treated. The Masters knew all; why did they not help the devotee? If a mistake or a flap-doodle was committed in the Society—"How could the Masters allow you or Olcott to do so

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[16] I could not doubt the existence of the Adepts after having been in communication with them; but I denied the existence of such beings as the Mahatmas were misrepresented to be.

and so?" we were asked in amazement.[17] The idea that the Masters were mortal men, limited even in their great powers, never crossed anyone's mind, though they wrote this themselves repeatedly. It was "modesty and secretiveness"—people thought. "How is it possible," the fools argued, "that the Mahatmas should not know all that was in every Theosophist's mind, and hear every word pronounced by each member?"

That to do so, and find out what the people thought, and hear what they said, the Masters had to use special Psychological means, to take great trouble for it at the cost of labour and time—was something out of the range of the perceptions of their devotees. Is it Olcott's fault? Perhaps, to a degree. Is it mine? I absolutely deny it, and protest against the accusation. It is no one's fault. Human nature alone, and the failure of modern society and religions to furnish people with something higher and nobler than craving after money and honours—is at the bottom of it. Place this failure on one side, and the mischief and havoc produced in people's brains by modern spiritualism, and you have the enigma solved. Olcott to this day is sincere, true, and devoted to the cause. He does and acts the best he knows how, and the mistakes and absurdities he has committed, and commits to this day, are due to something he lacks in the psychological portion of his brain, and he is not responsible for it. Loaded and heavy is his Karma, poor man, but much must be forgiven to him for he has always erred through lack of right judgment, not from any vicious propensity. Olcott is thoroughly honest; he is as true as gold to his friends; he is as impersonal for himself as he is selfish and grasping for the Society; and his devotion and love for the Masters is such that he is ready to lay down his life any day for them if he thinks it will be agreeable to them and benefit the Society.

Be just, above all, whatever you do or say. If anyone is to be blamed, it is I. I have desecrated the holy Truth by remaining too passive in the face of all this desecration, brought on by too much zeal and false ideas. My only justification is that I had work to do that would have been too much for four men, as you know. I was always occupied with the *Theosophist* and ever in my room, shut up, having hardly time to see even the office Hindus. All was left to Olcott and Damodar, two fanatics. How I protested and tried to swim against the current, only Mr. Sinnett knows, and the Masters. Brown was crazy before he came to us, unasked and unexpected. C. Oakley was an occultist two years before he joined us.

You speak of hundreds that have been made "cowards" by Olcott.[18] I can show you many hundreds who have been saved through Theosophy from drunkenness, dissolute life, etc. Those who believed in a personal God believe in him now as they did before. Those who did not—are all the better

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[17] The representative of the Society for Psychic Research was awfully angry because the "Mahatmas" could not see the importance of appearing before him with their certificates and producing a few miracles for his gratification. See the *Talking Image of Urur*.—F. H.

[18] In many minds the misconceptions regarding the "Mahatmas" gave rise to a superstitious fear and a false reliance upon unknown superiors.—F. H.

in believing in the soul's immortality, if in nothing else. It is Sellin's thought, not yours—"the men and women ruined mentally and physically" by me and Olcott. Hübbe Schleiden is ruined only and solely by Sellin,[19] aided by his own weakness.

No, dear Doctor, you are wrong and unjust; for Olcott never taught anyone "to sit down and expect favours from Mahatmas." On the contrary, he has always taught, verbally and in print, that no one was to expect favours from Mahatmas or God unless his own actions and merit forced Karma to do him justice in the end.

Where has Sellin heard Col. Olcott's Theosophy? Sellin had and has his head full of spiritualism and spiritual phenomena; he believes in spirits and their agency, which is worse even than believing too much in Mahatmas. We all of us have made mistakes, and are all more or less to blame. Why should you be so hard on poor Olcott, except what he has done personally against you, for which I am the first to blame him? But even here, it is not his fault. I have twenty pages of manuscript giving a detailed daily account of your supposed crimes and falseness, to prove to you that no flesh and blood could resist the proofs and insinuations. I know you now, since Torre del Greco; I feared and dreaded you at Adyar—just because of those proofs. If you come, I will let you read the secret history of your life for two years, and you will recognize the handwriting.[20] And such manuscripts, as I have learned, have been sent all over the Branches, and Olcott was the last to learn of it. What I have to tell you will show to you human nature and your own discernment in another light.

There are things it is impossible for me to write; and unless you come here—they will die with me. Olcott has nothing to do with all this. You are ignorant, it seems, of what took place since Christmas. Good-bye, then, and may your intuitions lead you to the Truth.

Yours ever,

H. P. B.

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[19] A certain German professor and spiritualistic miracle-monger, who never could see a forest on account of the number of trees.—F. H.

[20] These papers, filled with the most absurd denunciations against me, were concocted by Babajee out of jealousy and national hatred.—F. H.

STUDIES IN PARACELSUS

II

IN order to understand the point of view taken by Paracelsus, we must attempt to find the source from which he drew the foundations for his system of philosophy, both natural and celestial. It is right at the outset to lay emphasis on the distinction which he makes between the two, especially in his *Philosophia Sagax*. It is almost identical with that which St. Paul draws between natural and celestial, in I. Corinthians, xv. More will be said of this later.

Professor Stillman tells us, as Mme. Blavatsky told us years ago, that Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa was generally held to be the originator of the revival of Neoplatonism in the fifteenth century. Readers of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY will recall Mr. Stanley V. LaDow's study of Plotinus, and of the teaching which Plotinus, in the third century, had received from his instructor, Ammonius Saccas, the founder of the Neoplatonic school. We may, perhaps, briefly sum it up:

God is immortal and omnipresent, the foundation of all things, pure Light; matter and form are illusions, shadows of the soul, which derives from the universal soul. The Unknown God emanated His Image, the manifested Logos, the Word, which is Wisdom, Life, Light and Truth. God is Spirit, and is the spring from which flows all life. In the celestial world of the Spirit presides a supreme Over-Soul, within which are souls possessed of the power to think. The power to think is again an emanation from God, who is the basis of all thought. In this sense, mind is His Image. Soul is the product of the action of mind, and produces other activities, such as faith, aspiration and veneration, which ascend towards God; also speculation, reasoning and sophistry, which are occupied with a lower plane of life and consciousness, and with the still lower activities of mere physical life. Matter, *materia*, is formed around the soul within it, for every form has its soul, whether that form be apparently living or not. In all is Divine Life, in the stars as in the earth: as in heaven, so on earth. Souls tend to the higher or lower activities, and act accordingly. (This teaching is developed by Paracelsus, when dealing with the problem of free will, in *Philosophia Sagax*.) Those souls which tend to the higher, are purified and spiritualized and, with the knowledge coming from experience gained through discipline and purification, they attain, and are illuminated by the Light which lightens the world. To such a soul it is given to be united with the Supreme, as was recorded of Plotinus. Plotinus was followed by Porphyry, who formulated the tenet that the universal soul, "being essentially one with the infinite supreme Spirit, may by the power of the Supreme discover and produce everything. An individual soul purified and free from the body may do the same."

From the sixth to the fifteenth century Neoplatonism was almost completely neglected in Western Europe, though it was studied and developed by the Arabian philosophers. Its study was revived in the West by Nicholas of Cusa; and members of the Academy of Florence, like Pico della Mirandola and Marsilius Ficinus, were active students. Pico della Mirandola states that a pupil of his, perhaps Ficinus, gave at least some of his knowledge to Trithemius, while both Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus were pupils of Trithemius; further, we know that Paracelsus states that he was acquainted with the writings of Ficinus and Agrippa. But it is necessary to bear in mind that Paracelsus was a thinker too original to adhere strictly to any one form of philosophy.

So Paracelsus travelled to Würzburg, to a monastery near which town Trithemius had been transferred. One recalls, too, that a later pilgrim went to Würzburg, where a considerable part of the *Secret Doctrine* was written. Trithemius had penetrated some of the mysteries of the hidden secrets of nature, and among them were magnetism and what is now called telepathy. That Paracelsus studied these is evident; also that Trithemius influenced him to make a close study of the Bible. Paracelsus himself always insisted on the importance of this study. It is almost certain that he also studied the mysteries of Occultism; his writings show that he abhorred necromancy, the evocation of "shells," because he was convinced that it opened a door for the forces of evil. He affirms the powers of beneficent magic, but would limit its practice to those who had followed the life prescribed for the true Physician, who had attained the sight which pierces beyond the veil of external things revealed by the Light of Nature, to the spiritual vision of the realities seen by the eye of the Seer, the Nectromancer, as Paracelsus calls him, in the Light of Heaven. While studying with Trithemius, he learned to distinguish between the mental food which was in accord with his purpose, and that which thwarted his aspiration toward union with God, according to the Neoplatonic teaching. His aim was to heal as a physician, as Christ healed, but at the same time he sought ardently for all the means of healing which God had stored up in the arcana of Nature. This was the principle which inspired his active personal and experimental research. He forsook the things which led to worldly preferment and sought wisdom with as little concern for bodily comfort as the *Poverello* of Assisi.

A basic concept of Neoplatonism, as may be gathered from Plotinus, was the interrelation of all the phenomena of the universe, so that every phenomenon has an influence on every other. Closely linked with this was the principle affirmed in the Proem of the *Secret Doctrine;* "the fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul." It can hardly be supposed that the fifteenth century Neoplatonists, holding these two universal concepts, at the same time accepted the geocentric theory of the Ptolemaic system. Cusa and Copernicus certainly did not, and it would seem probable that their followers shared their larger view. All based their work on the principle of

Correspondence; the maxim, "As above, so below," was the foundation of their philosophy. The universe was the macrocosm, and man the microcosm. God manifested was the macrocosm; man was created "in the image of God." All other phenomena were due to the interaction of the influences existing between all external manifestations,—stars, planets, metals, herbs, animals, all proceeding from the one Supreme Source. The basis of the Natural Magic of Agrippa, as well as the philosophy of Paracelsus, lay in the reciprocal action between man, physical, mental and spiritual, and these influences; with the possibility that, through a knowledge of these occult and hidden forces, man could be guided by the powers of nature and the heavenly kingdom, and could also guide them in his turn. Paracelsus sharply draws the line between the natural man who, in the light of nature, obeys the influence of the stars, and the man who, wise through the celestial light, "rules the stars."

According to the *Natural Magic* of Agrippa, the world is threefold: elementary, sidereal and spiritual; everything being arranged in hierarchical order, the lower being ruled by the higher and receiving thence its virtue. Thus the Architect of the universe spreads His omnipotence through the angels, the heavens, the stars and planets, the elements, rocks, plants, animals, and man; and thus, in the view of Agrippa, it becomes possible for man, through the powers of nature, to reascend the ladder of life, and to gain supernatural powers and knowledge.

To aid in understanding Paracelsus, it may be well to state briefly the principles of the *Natural Magic* of Agrippa, so as to bring out its resemblance to the system on which Paracelsus based his philosophy of nature, supernature and medicine. Natural Magic for Agrippa comprises: Physics, the knowledge of the nature of things in the universe as a whole, or in its parts, with their relations, actions, appearances, causes, times and seasons; Mathematics, which teaches the knowledge of three-dimensional nature and the observation of the courses of the heavenly bodies; and Theology, which teaches concerning God, the soul, intelligences, angels and devils, and religion in general, with sacred observances, rites and mysteries, and which finally gives instruction as to faith and miracles, together with the powers of words and numbers, and the mysteries of signatures and seals.

For Agrippa, all substances are composed of the four elements, Earth, Water, Air, Fire; here he follows Aristotle. Everything is formed of these elements, not only by aggregation but also by combination, as a result of composition and a consequent metamorphosis. In the same way, everything, when it perishes as such, returns into the elements. When found in things, the elements are mixed and combined; none in nature is pure, all forming transitions to another element. Diagrammatically they are:

hot . . . . . Fire . . . . . dry
: : :
Air . . . . . Earth
: : :
moist . . . . . Water . . . . cold

This indicates that each of the four elements has two qualities, one of which is characteristic, while the other is transitional, leading to another element. There is an analogy with the critical states of modern physics, which are intermediate between two states of a given substance; for example, between ice and water, and between water and steam.

While not rejecting the idea of the Aristotelian elements, Paracelsus defines them somewhat differently. For him, the constituent principles of all bodies were his three alchemical elements: *Mercury*, the principle of liquidity and volatility; *Sulphur*, the principle of combustibility; and *Salt*, the principle which is permanent and resists the action of fire. For the three sciences of Agrippa, Paracelsus substitutes four: Philosophy, which includes natural philosophy; Astronomy; Alchemy, which means chemistry; and Virtue. These are the four pillars on which the science of medicine must rest. When we come to the study of his requirements for the true physician, we shall see that, for Paracelsus, these four pillars are the bases for all knowledge and life. Thus we have the symbolism of the Triad and the Quaternary in the manifestation of life and substance and consciousness.

For Paracelsus, all bodies, mineral, vegetable and animal, were varying combinations of the three basic elements, which he calls Mercury, Sulphur and Salt. These three principles are the antecedent cause of all activity, the final constituents of all bodies. They are the body, soul and spirit of all matter, which is One. The Archæus, the buil ing power of Nature, has moulded of matter a myriad forms, each endowed with its essence, and each with its own specific character. Paracelsus observed and chronicled facts, not as an amateur of fragmentary knowledge, but because these facts led him to the mighty underlying laws whose workings they revealed, whose presence in and through all things he realized; laws wielded by Omnipotence working in an order potent in the microcosm as in the macrocosm.

The Cosmology of Paracelsus begins with the principle which he calls Yliaster, which Mme. Blavatsky defines as the "primordial Protomateria, that evolved out of itself the Cosmos." Yliaster is the Supreme Cause and Essence of all things, being the Father not only of the Son, but of all things that were, are, or will be; the primordial and original Cause of all existence. With this conception it is interesting to compare what Mr. T. Subba Row has said regarding Parabrahm and Mulaprakriti, in his *Discourses on the Bhagavat Gita*. Existence took place through the movement of the Will in the Word or Logos, through the creative Fiat. The cause lay in the inherent, eternal activity of the formless, immaterial Essence, and all was invisibly or potentially contained in the First Cause, or God.

Moved from within, Yliaster divided itself, as the process of segregation takes place within the germinating egg. It developed from within itself the Ideos, or Chaos, or Primordial Matter. This Primordial Essence manifests itself not only as vital force but also as vital substance, the material of which living beings consist. We have here the Life, Force and Substance of the *Secret Doctrine*.

In the Ideos or Limbus of Primordial Matter, endowed with the original power of life, but without form or any qualities that we can conceive,—in this matrix is contained the substance of all things and all beings. In this matrix was contained the principle which Paracelsus calls the *Mysterium Magnum*. To make clear what he means by this, he tells us that the seed is the *mysterium* of the plant, the egg is the *mysterium* of the bird. These are individual potencies; the *Mysterium Magnum* is the primordial potency of all things. The same thought is found in the symbol of the Egg of Brahma. The Limbus containing the *Mysterium Magnum* may be compared with a receptacle of seeds, from which came the Macrocosm, the manifested Cosmos, with its subdivision and evolution into *mysteria specialia*, from which separate beings came into existence.

The Great Limbus has its origin in the creative Fiat, and contains the potentialities of all things. The Lesser Limbus contains the potentiality of each individual being, and has its origin in the earth. In the Less are all the qualities of the Great; as above, so below.

Within Yliaster, the dividing, differentiating and individualizing power of the Supreme Cause began to act. This differentiating power, to which Paracelsus gave the name, *Ares*, Mme. Blavatsky identifies with Fohat. All production took place in consequence of separation, to which Paracelsus attaches a special meaning, derived from alchemy. From the Ideos proceeded the Elements—Fire, Air, Water, Earth—each Element having its own Yliaster, or primordial essence. In the *Secret Doctrine* (I, 274), Mme. Blavatsky says that the primordial Fire may have been pure Akasha; Air, simply Nitrogen, the "Breath of the Supporters of the Heavenly Dome," as the Mahometan Mystics call it; Water, that primordial fluid which was required, according to Moses, to make a "Living Soul"; Earth, the primordial substance. These elements are the veiled synthesis, standing for the Host of the Dhyan Chohans, Devas, Sephiroth, Archangels. The Aether—Father Aether—is what Paracelsus called Archæus, the manifested source and basis of the innumerable phenomena of life—localized; localized, that is, when, instead of being regarded as a Cosmic Element, it is, as Paracelsus said, manifested in each member of the body of man—and animal and plant—each having its own Ares, Archæus, or Fohat.

The Elements, as the matrix of all creatures, are of an invisible, spiritual nature, and have souls. Everything, whether it manifest itself as matter or as force, is essentially a trinity. Thus the Elements, the synthesis of the Dhyan Chohans or Archangels, act under the impulse of Life upon the Ilus—the Protyle of the chemists—following out the plan traced for them eternally in the Divine Thought; thus they fashion the Cosmos. Nature, which Paracelsus uses in the widest sense, "is One, and its origin can only be the one eternal Unity. It is an organism in which all natural things harmonize and sympathize with each other. It is the Macrocosm. Everything is the product of one creative effort; the macrocosm and the microcosm (man) are

one. They are one constellation, one influence, one breath, one harmony, one time, one metal, one fruit" (*Philosophia ad Athenienses*).

There is nothing dead in Nature. Everything is living and organic, and consequently the whole world appears to be a living organism. There is nothing corporeal which does not possess a soul hidden in it. There exists nothing in which is not hidden a principle of life. There is no death in Nature, and the dying of beings consists in their return to the body of their Mother; that is, an extinction and suppression of one form of existence, and activity and a rebirth into another and more interior world, in a new form, with new faculties, adapted to new surroundings. Of this rebirth, more will be said later, when we come to the *Philosophia Sagax*, in which Paracelsus seems to have embodied the most mature aspects of his philosophy. Regarding the "return to the body of their Mother," it is illuminating to compare what Mme. Blavatsky says, in the *Secret Doctrine*, concerning the Fiery Lives: "Not only the chemical compounds are the same, but the same infinitesimal *invisible* Lives compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant and of the tree which shelters it from the sun. Each particle—whether you call it organic or inorganic—*is a* Life. Every atom and molecule in the Universe is both *life-giving* and *death-giving* to such forms, inasmuch as it builds by aggregation universes, and the ephemeral vehicles ready to receive the transmigrating soul, and as eternally destroys and changes the *forms*, and expels the souls from their temporary abodes" (I, 281). And again, regarding the life-fluid, which Paracelsus calls the Liquor Vitæ: "It has not deserted the body. . . . It has only changed its state from activity to passivity, and has become latent, owing to the too morbid state of the tissues, on which it has hold no longer. Once the *rigor mortis* is absolute, the Liquor Vitæ will reawaken into action, and will begin its work on the atoms *chemically*. Brahmâ-Vishnu, the Creator and the Preserver of Life, will have transformed himself into Shiva the Destroyer" (I, 587).

Paracelsus says that "two facts are discernible in Nature—in each thing—its body (form) and its activity (qualities). The latter is nothing other than an effluence of the Supreme Cause, because everything exists from the beginning in God, into whose unmanifested state all things will return in the end, and from whose power they all receive their qualities, or whatever they deserve on account of their capacity to receive and attract it." This last phrase suggests the operation of Karmic law.

Life is an omnipresent principle, and nothing is without life. In some forms life acts slowly, as in stones; in other forms, organized beings, it acts quickly. Each Element has its own peculiar living existences, belonging to it exclusively. These existences or beings, living in the invisible elements, are the elemental spirits of Nature, and in their totality are the Elements, as said above. They are beings of the *mysteria specialia*, and in the hierarchy of being they build the Cosmos according to the plan laid down in the Divine Mind. Thus for each world in the Cosmos there is a hierarchy of being,

creating and building and evolving all that it is, and all that is in it; the representative of the Divine Essence for that world or star, indissolubly connected and interdependent, the Anima Mundi of that world. With this may be compared the part of the *Secret Doctrine* which Mme. Blavatsky sums up thus: "This principle (of Life) on the manifested plane, that is to say, our plane, is but the effect and the result of the intelligent action of the 'Host,' or collective Principle, the manifesting Life and Light. It is itself subordinate to, and emanates from, the ever-invisible, eternal and Absolute One Life, in a descending and reascending scale of hierarchic degrees, a true septenary ladder, with Sound, the Logos, at the upper end, and the Vidyâdharas, the inferior Pitris, at the lower" (I, 588).

Or we may take another passage of the *Secret Doctrine*, dealing with the same subject: "The Sixth and Seventh Orders . . . are conscious ethereal Entities, as invisible as Ether, which are shot out, like the boughs of a tree, from the first central Group of the Four, and shoot out in their turn numberless side Groups, the lower of which are the Nature-Spirits, or Elementals, of countless kinds and varieties; from the formless and unsubstantial—the ideal Thoughts of their creators—down to atomic, though, to human perception, invisible organisms. The latter are considered as the 'spirits of the atoms,' for they are the first remove (backwards) from the physical atom—sentient, if not intelligent creatures. They are all subject to Karma, and have to work it out through every cycle. . . . A Dhyan Chohan has to become one. . . . Therefore the 'Four' and the 'Three' have to incarnate as all other beings have. This Sixth Group, moreover, remains almost inseparable from man, who draws from it all but his highest and lowest principles, or his spirit and body; the five middle human principles being the very essence of those Dhyanis. Paracelsus calls them the Flagæ; the Christians, the Guardian Angels; the Occultists, the Ancestors, the Pitris. They are the Six-fold Dhyan Chohans, having the six spiritual Elements in the composition of their bodies—in fact, men, minus the physical body" (I, 242).

"Matter," says Paracelsus, "is, so to say, coagulated smoke—condensed 'breath'—and is connected with Spirit by an intermediate principle which it receives from Spirit." This intermediate link between Matter and Spirit is present in all three kingdoms of nature. To its forms, Paracelsus gives names apparently derived from the Alchemists. In the mineral kingdom it is called Stannar, or Trughat; in the vegetable kingdom, Leffas (in connection with the vital force of the vegetable kingdom it forms the Primum Ens, possessing valuable medicinal properties); in the animal kingdom it is called Evestrum; in the human kingdom it is called the Sidereal Man. Paracelsus is evidently describing the astral body, whether in mineral, vegetable, or human being.

Each living being is connected with the Macrocosm, through the Microcosm, by means of this intermediate element, which belongs to the *Mysterium Magnum*, from whence it has been received; its form and qualities are determined by the quality and quantity of the spiritual elements in each manifested

being. Man, as such, is the highest being in manifestation, because in him Nature has reached the present culmination of her evolutionary efforts. In him are contained all the powers and substances that exist in the world, and he constitutes a world, the Microcosm. In him are contained all the Cœlestia, Aëria, Undosa and Terrestria; that is, all the forces and beings that may be found in the four Elements, Fire, Air, Water, Earth, out of which the Universe is constructed. Man is the Microcosm, containing in himself the types of all the creatures that exist in the world, "and it is a great truth, which you should seriously consider, that there is nothing in Heaven or upon earth which does not also exist in man, and God who is in Heaven exists also in man, and the two are One." Each man, as a member of the great organism of the world, can be truly known only when viewed in his relation with universal nature, and not as a separate being isolated from Nature. Man is dependent for his existence on Nature, and the state of Nature depends on the condition of mankind as a whole. "If we know Nature, we know man, and if we know man we know Nature."

The science and art of dealing with the relation of the Macrocosm and the Microcosm, which are one, is called by Paracelsus Astronomy, one of his four pillars of medicine. His Astronomy is, therefore, not the modern physical astronomy, nor is it the mathematical or astrological science of the sixteenth century. For Paracelsus, Astronomy is the wisdom which arises through a comprehension of the relationship of the Microcosm to the Macrocosm, whereby "the nature of man becomes known through an understanding of the upper sphere of the great world, as well as through investigation of his little world, as if they were (what they essentially are) one Firmament, one Star, one Being, although appearing temporarily in a divided form and shape" (*Liber Paramirum*). The sphere of the Universal Mind is the upper firmament, and the sphere of the individual mind is the lower firmament, but the two are intimately connected. "It is the knowledge of the upper firmament that enables us to know the lower firmament in man, and which reveals to us in what manner the upper firmament continually acts upon and interrelates with the lower firmament." Upon this knowledge the true Astrology is based, and Paracelsus deals at length with celestial and terrestrial astrology as a part of Astronomy, and with the "Signatures" of things which show, by the marks of the living forces acting within them, the relation they bear to the "lives" of mankind; thus the doctrine of "similars" gains a new force in physics and medicine.

Paracelsus considers Magic to be a part of his Astronomy, and by this term he means the investigation of the parts of the Macrocosm, the comparison of their ideal relations and the recognition of their inner nature. "The hidden things (of the soul), which cannot be perceived by the external physical senses, may be cognized by means of the sidereal body, through whose organism we may look into nature as the sun shines through glass. The inner nature of everything may therefore be known through Magic, and through the powers of the inner sight." These are the powers through which

all secrets of Nature are discovered, and the physician should be instructed in this art, and become well versed in it; he should be able to discover far more about the patient's disease through his own inner perception than by questioning the patient. "For this inner sight is the Astronomy of medicine; and, as physical anatomy reveals the inner organs of the body which cannot be seen through the skin, so this magic perception not only shows all the causes of disease, but further discovers the elements in medicinal substances in which the powers of healing reside. That which gives the healing power to a medicine is its 'Spiritus' and this is only perceptible by the senses of the sidereal man."

"I have reflected much," says Paracelsus, "upon the magical powers of the soul of man, and I have discovered many secrets in Nature; and I tell you that he only can be a true physician who has acquired this power. . . . Magic Inventrix finds everywhere what is needed, and more than will be required. The soul does not perceive the external or internal physical construction of herbs and roots, but it intuitively perceives their powers and virtues, and recognizes their 'signatum'."

This signatum or signature is an organic vital activity, giving each natural object a similarity with some condition produced by disease, and through which health may be restored in the diseased part. The signature is often expressed even in the exterior form, and by observing the form we may learn something of the interior qualities, even without using the interior sight. Just as a man's character is often expressed in his appearance, even in the way he walks, or the sound of his voice, so the hidden character of things is to a certain extent expressed in their outward forms. "So long as man remained in a natural state, he recognized the signatures of things, and knew their true character; but the more he diverged from the paths of Nature, and the more his mind became captivated by illusive external appearances, the more this power was lost. . . . The influences of the macrocosm cannot so easily impress themselves upon a man who is self-centred as upon animals, vegetables and minerals, which they impregnate to such an extent that their characters and signatures may be seen in the colours, forms and shapes, and may be perceived by the odour and taste of such objects" (*De Natura Rerum*). The science which is based on a comparison of the external appearance of a thing and its inherent character is called by Paracelsus, Anatomy. This is obviously different from the modern science of physical anatomy, whose founders, Vesalius and Fallopius, slightly younger contemporaries of Paracelsus, were driven from Padua by persecution.

Paracelsus teaches that plants and minerals are in sympathetic relation with both macrocosm and microcosm; that animals, and consequently the animal (terrestrial) body of man, are in a corresponding sympathetic relation; that the (vital) activity of all organisms, including man, is the result of the action of the interior constellations, of "stars" (invisible forces) existing in his interior world, which is the human firmament. Each star in the great firmament and in the firmament of man has its specific influence, and the two correspond.

To study these relations is to study their Anatomy, as a part of the science of Astronomy. Whether Paracelsus was acquainted with the minute details of the structure of the autonomic nervous system or not, he knew much about the reflex relation of one organ to another, and their corresponding relations, exterior and interior, as represented by minerals, plants, animals and stars.

Organisms, the material forms of invisible principles, take their origin from the soul of the world, symbolized by Water. By the decomposition of this Essence, by its "separation," a "mucilage" is formed, containing the germs of life, from which, by the process which he calls *generatio æquivoca*, first the lower and afterwards the higher organisms are formed. Paracelsus looks upon the evolving forms as the necessary vehicles of a continually progressing, living, spiritual principle, the Archæus (Fohat), seeking higher modes for its manifestation.

In considering the way in which Paracelsus expounds the teaching of the Bible in conformity with his own doctrines, we should keep in mind the distinction between the Elohistic first chapter of Genesis, together with the first three verses of the second chapter, and the later Jehovistic passages. Paracelsus says that the animal elements, instincts and desires existed before the Divine Spirit illuminated them by creating man "in his own image," and thus moulded them into man through the work of the Builders, synthesized as the Four Elements. "The animal soul of man is derived from the cosmic animal elements, and the animal kingdom is, therefore, the father of the animal man. If man resembles his animal father, he is like an animal; if he resembles the Divine Spirit, which is able to illumine his animal elements, he is like a god. If his reason is absorbed by his animal instincts, it becomes animal reason; if it rises above his animal desires, it becomes angelic. . . . . The man whose human reason is absorbed by his animal desires, is an animal; if his animal reason amalgamates with wisdom, he becomes an angel. . . . A man who loves to lead an animal life is an animal ruled by his interior animal heaven. The same stars (invisible forces) that cause a wolf to slay, a dog to steal, a cat to kill, a bird to sing, make a man a singer, an eater, a talker, a lover, a murderer, a thief. These are animal attributes, and they die with the animal elements to which they belong. But the divine principle in man, which constitutes him a human being, and by which he is eminently distinguished from the animals, is not a product of the earth, nor is it generated by the animal kingdom, but comes from God; it is God, and is immortal, because, coming from a divine source, it cannot be other than divine. Man should, therefore, live in harmony with his divine parent, and not in the animal elements of his soul. . . . Animal man is the son of the animal elements out of which his soul (life) was born, and animals are the mirror of man" (*De Fundamento Sapientiæ*).

A. KEIGHTLEY.

SYMBOLS ALONG THE WAY

A SYMBOL is that which represents something else, an outer signal of an inner truth. The Master Christ taught the multitude by the use of parables, stories which used outer things to express an inner meaning. It would seem, then, that a parable may be construed as a symbol in words, and likewise a symbol may be interpreted as a parable in sign. So we are daily being taught by the Master through symbols, if we would but have eyes to see, as surely as he taught those who had ears with which to hear, by means of parables some nineteen hundred years ago; and as these parables were taken from the simple things of daily life, a tree, a son, a sower, seed, so we may look to-day for his teaching in those seemingly all too simple duties and daily experiences of ours, and find in them the symbols of milestones along the highway to Heaven.

We must begin by forgetting that life is complex. Lived correctly it is nothing of the sort. It is only we who make it so when we slur over our own tasks or vault the fence and trespass in another's field. In the last analysis everything is simple. Is there anything more magnificent than simple grandeur? Could grandeur really be magnificent unless it were simple? Think of the most beautiful landscape you have seen and you will probably picture one of nature's simplest designs. So it is with everything in life; so it is with the whole of life. Great events are small things which became big, man is grown boy, the highest building was once only foundation, and the largest railroad system started as an idea. It is in the daily routine of our own simple duties that we must look for the symbols of the Master's teaching, for those little things that we can put to such big account for him. It is there we shall find the same simple kinds of illustrations that Christ used in his parables. It is from the right understanding and the right performance of these simple daily duties that we may cull the potentialities of immortal grandeur, just as in picking up an acorn we hold a symbol of the magnificence of a forest.

Life is simple so long as we stick to our own lasts. It is natural for the acorn to bring forth the oak, and it is just as natural for us to bring forth the true magnificence within us, out of the daily round of our allotted tasks. They are not humdrum, and we must not treat them as though they were. We should view them as though the Master came to us and said, "Here is something I particularly want you to do for me because I believe that you will do it well." Hence they are not drab duties after all, but trusts; and a trust is a confidence of one reposed in another. Its premise is faith, and faith is duplex. The same faith which reposes these trusts in us will show us, through the right performance of the tasks themselves, that they are the proper and natural ones for us to perform,—natural because we have an aptitude for them, and our aptitude for them makes them simple for us. All soil is not

productive of the same vegetation. It behooves us carefully to study the garden the Master has placed in our charge that it may yield of its natural best. There is more merit in raising a small bed of the best cabbage, if it be our duty to do so, than in producing acres of third-rate corn. "God enters by a private door into every individual," and the symbol of the open-sesame may be found in raising the best cabbage or in conducting an army across the Alps.

We should not mislead ourselves into thinking that there can be no relationship between raising cabbage and conducting an army; because there can be. It is not the acts themselves we should compare, but the why and the wherefore of the doing of them. If the motive which urges each be the proper performance of a trust reposed by the Master, if each be a conscious and natural carrying out of a branch of his service, then in essence both are the same; they spring from the same source and will feed the same reservoir. Thus it is with our duties if we accept them for what they really are, trusts reposed in us by the Master, and perform them as such; for all branches of the same service are correlative. Although our tasks may differ one from another, and "the duty of another is full of danger," still we may bring them out of the puny gully of isolation by performing them for him who entrusted them to us, and thus cause them to take their allotted places in the continuity of life, and become overlapping scenes in the great drama of the Soul. We must use, then, particular care in the performance of our trusts, for that which we raise in our gardens may be a symbol of the sustenance of the army, and "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." Whereupon it will be clearly seen that although the duties of one differ from those of another, yet each may put into the performance of his tasks that which will bring them into juxtaposition, and will make him in truth his brother's helper. The middle step in a staircase is merely so because of its position in the sequence, and its utility is dependent on the steps below as well as on those above.

It is neither the purpose nor function of this article to attempt the detail of individual duties, for were this attempted it would immediately become involved, just as we become when we step outside the realm of our allotted trusts. As its title implies, it is but one of the many symbols along the way, but it can remain within its own boundaries and focus a lesson culled from the book of life, in the hope that this may help others not only in the performance of their daily tasks, but also to draw additional symbols from current events in general. For everything that is taking place contains parables in signs. It is for us to perceive the symbols and then rightly to apply their meaning in building "our Father's house."

A business plan which has come into considerable vogue in the past decade is that of selling merchandise on the instalment basis. Disposing of goods in this way so helped certain manufacturers to increase their output, that to-day the plan is used in disposing of many different kinds of merchandise to such an extent that in America it has become national in scope, and is even beginning to find favour in other countries. It is a plan which apparently suits a certain

type both of seller and of buyer, and its popularity seems to be on the increase. Hence it should readily serve our purpose as an illustration from the current book of life. At this point, however, it may be well to remind ourselves that good and bad walk hand in hand, and one of the things we should do in every circumstance is to nourish the Jekyll and starve the Hyde. Each has its symbol, and we must learn to distinguish the sign language of each that we may discourse with the one and be dumb to the entreaties of the other. For nobody, even symbolic Hyde, can carry on a one-sided conversation for long. So it may be argued, and perhaps rightly, that the part-payment merchandising plan is mutually beneficial to both seller and buyer, as well as the reverse. Such a plan may be of mutual benefit in the case of the scholar wishing to obtain a certain set of books, in the case of a young couple enabling them to furnish their home, in the case of a corporation buying a fleet of motor-trucks to speed deliveries and lessen drayage-costs, in the case of a musician purchasing a particular piano, and in other similar instances. The advocates of part-payment may even carry their arguments so far as to point out that in renting a home one is acquiring shelter on the instalment plan, but what they fail to state, and probably to discern, is that the plan has been carried far past the utility stage, and into a fatty degeneration of unstable profits on the one side and ill-got pleasures on the other, caused by its own excesses.

This leads us from the plan itself, which in its inception may have been conceived with high-minded motives, and places us face to face with its broad application and the why and wherefore of its general uses. It is to this same place that we must bring ourselves in order to view impartially, and then to analyze, current events in general. As the commander of an army takes part in the battle yet remains aloof, so we must post ourselves far enough from the actual maelstrom, and yet near enough, to obtain a clear panorama, and, thus standing aside, permit the "warrior within" to scan the various movements and to diagnose them.

Returning to our illustration, in America to-day about ninety per cent of the phonographs purchased are sold on the instalment plan; approximately the same is true of pianos and player-pianos, and the selling of pleasure-automobiles is being more and more conducted on the part-payment basis. All we have to do is to look at the reason for the sale and purchase of most of these articles to see that the structure is unsound. He who passes along the streets of any town may hear and see the use to which these articles are being put by the majority, and it is this majority of seekers after the froth of pleasure to whom the manufacturers and distributors of such articles cater. Every instalment-contract signed merely to purchase pleasure is a two-sided liability. It is a liability for the manufacturer or distributor who carries the paper, as well as for the signer who has mortgaged some part of his future earnings for current pleasure. Such paper represents an asset to the carrier of it only after the last instalment has been paid, for the percentage of repossessions and of replevins of articles thus sold runs into higher figures than the casual observer would suppose. But the glib salesman in his eagerness to

dispose of his wares, and the pleasure-seeking purchaser in his desire to be "keeping up with the Joneses," both blindfold themselves to the fact that the economic pendulum swings from depression to depression, and with every such swing very easily shrivels the frail surface-roots of top-soil income. Each in his desire to obtain something for the moment for himself, disregards entirely the wrong motive which urges him, or he does not wish to recognize that it is not the cup which benefits or poisons, but the liquid which is poured into it and quaffed from it.

No contract, whether instalment or straight payment, whether economic or otherwise, can be sound if its motive be solely for pleasure; for pleasure is the rubber ball of life and can be bandied about only just so long, for its resilience is limited. The instalment-contract, however, seems particularly to lend itself as a symbol of the ease with which pleasure may be acquired and the length of time it takes to pay for it. Often there are instalments still coming due long after the inclination to pay them has ceased, for the signer has acquired meanwhile a new and, for the time being, livelier ball, and his interest now is in paying for that. Pleasure leads a fickle chase, for it is self-gratification of the material senses; it is for sale, in one form or other, just around every corner, and even on bargain-day is expensive, for it is the tinsel of the garment of life and soon tarnishes. It must be ever renewed and each time with greater glamour, with a higher surface-polish, for the cry of the pleasure-seeking senses is for tinsel, more tinsel and always with more and greater glitter. Pleasure is the counterfeit of joy. Joy is rapture, joy is bliss; and bliss cannot be acquired through the medium of a bill of sale. It does not respond to the call for glitter, it does not ebb and flow with the hectic events of the day, it does not flourish on meals of more highly seasoned viands. Nor is it some external raiment with which one may cloak oneself in order to promenade the boulevard and momentarily to impress others. Rather is it a gentle unfolding from within of a serene radiance, the steady glow of which shines through and illumines, just as the love within a mother's heart shines through her eyes and lights the whole home of which she is mistress. Pleasure is terrestrial; joy is celestial.

Other analogies may be drawn from our simple illustration taken from the daily book of life, for greed, envy and similar traits are the goads. For the present purpose, however, the analogy drawn would seem sufficient to give a hint as to how to cull from the illustration used, and from current events in general, additional lessons, which we may read, analyze, and then apply so as more properly to carry out the trusts the Master has placed in our particular care. Pleasure is abroad, rampant and a variable. Joy is calm, a constant and at home. It can be found only in that garden which the Master has given us to cultivate; but once found there and nourished there, its serene light will shine forth so that others may be helped to "glorify our Father which is in Heaven."

G. M. W. K

DISCIPLESHIP AND WAR

IN a recent article in the QUARTERLY it was very definitely stated that from time immemorial the principles of discipleship have been presented as the principles of war; that by studying the principles of war, those of discipleship may be learned. In an earlier article by the same author, Marshal Foch's lectures on the *Principles of War* were reviewed as a practical treatise on the spiritual warfare which each aspirant for discipleship must wage against the evil in his own nature. In the light of these two articles, it has been exceedingly interesting to read, and to study, a book recently published entitled *Commanding an American Army*, by former Lieutenant-General Hunter Liggett, U. S. A., who commanded the First American Army Corps in France, first on the Marne, later at Saint-Mihiel, and then in the earlier part of the Meuse-Argonne offensive. In this last operation he became commander of the First American Field Army, which was conducting the whole attack, and which at one time was composed of well over one million men, the largest Field Army in the world. It was the privilege of the writer to serve in a minor capacity at General Liggett's Headquarters during these three operations, and to have the opportunity of observing the application of some of the principles mentioned, and the working out of some of the events described in his book. The connection, the parallel, between these principles observed in the command of large units of American troops in the field, and those observed by an aspirant for discipleship, fighting an inner warfare against his lower nature and the forces of evil, is often clear and distinct. The problems of the outer, and of the inner command, are in many cases the same. It is the purpose of the present writer to attempt to supplement, if possible, the two earlier articles mentioned above, by examining cases mentioned by General Liggett where this parallel seems to exist,—by citing certain specific instances where the problems of modern war, and the manner of their solution, seem to have a direct bearing on the way in which the problems of that inner warfare may be met. The quotations are from General Liggett's book.

A friend recently asked what characteristic appeared most striking in the tension of that moment when troops were about to go into action, and the reply was, the quiet, matter-of-factness of their attitude. This attitude is necessarily acquired by the conditions of modern war. The average person thinks of battle in terms of cavalry charges, with all the paraphernalia of thundering hoofs and clashing equipment, of creaking leather and flashing sabres; or in terms of glorious frontal attacks in mass, led by the commanding officer shouting encouragement to his men. As a matter of fact, while the storming of a position may be taking place here and there on a wide front, progress may be made along the rest of the line only by a process of quiet infil-

tration not visible to the eye. "I could not help being impressed by the absence of visible life on a modern battlefield when within clear range of the eye one hundred thousand men were trying to kill each other and yet nobody was visible; the only evidence of action being the continuous roar of artillery, machine gun, and rifle fire, and the bursting of shells." It is this lying still in enforced inaction under heavy fire, under shelling by high-explosive and gas, awaiting the moment to go forward against the enemy whom they do not see, that tries the morale which has been so arduously built up through long weeks of training and waiting, and that is far more difficult for troops, far more gruelling and testing of nerve and grit and control, than the moments of actual contact and hand-to-hand fighting. Much more time, indeed, is spent in preparation and in waiting in modern warfare, than in actual conflict, and the quiet matter-of-fact attitude of troops about to attack, tells the story of an inner sureness and of a high morale acquired during the preceding periods of effort, of mutual helpfulness, and of obedience to command.

The conditions of a modern battle-field are not unlike those in which the aspirant for discipleship finds himself. The inner enemy is often not visible; at best, he may be but dimly discerned. Yet there is a constant bombardment, there is harassing and demolishing fire from all sides, testing the purpose and will and perseverance. Hard, often, to recognize the exact point from which the shelling comes; the lower nature is subtle, and the connection between some outer temptation and an inner weakness is often not easy to see. One may not know for a time the point at which to make a direct attack. Understanding must come first, to some degree at least. Then comes an estimate of the situation, a study of the faults and weaknesses against which one is fighting. A process of quiet infiltration follows as a result of that study, by means of which points of resistance are surrounded and eliminated, and the props here and there are knocked from under some particular fault or sin, leaving it undermined and tottering. Then may come the signal for a general attack, perhaps inwardly, perhaps outwardly as the disciple may have long hoped; and as a result of that period of active waiting and preparation, he, too, finds himself calm and matter-of-fact, equal in success and adversity, ready, and unsurprised at all contingencies. He moves forward, confident through the spirit of obedience which he has acquired.

At one point General Liggett says: "Many of the Division Commanders were always anxious to make their front lines too strong, and there resulted from this practice useless loss of life by high explosive and gas shelling. Every effort was made in the First Corps to keep the front lines weak in numbers, and hold reserves well in hand and always ready, but well out of exposure." They do not always attack in force in modern war; it is often not until real necessity arises that the concentration of troops is moved forward. Is there not such a thing in the inner life as a too great concentration against, or a too constant contact with, the external manifestation of one particular fault? It is conceivable that through a too continuous brooding on this outer manifestation, we may blunt the edge of our perception of the facts that lie behind

it; that through over-familiarity with the outer form we may impair the quality of our inner effort, and so frequently consider it from a low plane of thought and feeling, that we come in fact to identify ourselves still more closely with the fault itself, with the resultant useless or harmful perversion of force and power. All this does not mean that we are not to keep guard at all times over the actions of our lives. We should be able to do this with lightly held front lines; it should not require a heavy concentration. But it is essential that we should maintain our perspective of the terrain upon which we are fighting, and not become so absorbed in what is occurring at any one given point that we lose our identification with the larger mission and plan. It is essential, too, that we should see our faults for what they are, without illusion, always with the success of that plan in mind.

We should remember that each fault is the perversion, the opposite, of some high quality, of some virtue. Along our whole individual battle front these opposites are ranged, and behind one set of opposites lie all the powers of evil and darkness, while, behind the others, is the force of the powers of Light. It is this general situation which we should bear in mind, studying how to render abortive the strength of the main forces of the enemy, of which our particular fault is one outer manifestation. Let us take the case of the man who finds himself, at his office, often irritable, often insistent and overbearing. Instead of concentrating on this irritability, this self-assertion—throwing his main forces into his front lines—resolving that by sheer effort of will he will not any longer manifest these qualities—let us suppose that he analyses the situation, in the attempt to see just when and where and how the element of self enters in. Why is he irritable? Because he is afraid that something will not go exactly right, or afraid of some risk, or some possible loss? Why is he self-assertive? Because he is convinced that no way of thinking other than his own can by any possibility be right, or because he is self-seeking in the sense that he wants the credit of any success for himself? If his analysis be correct, he will replace his former qualities with their opposites. For fear, he will substitute faith; he will replace opinionatedness and self-seeking with open-mindedness and consideration for the opinions of others. At the same time he will reinforce his motive, reminding himself that he is working with others in a common undertaking, that the united effort is what counts, and that it does not make a particle of difference whether or not he personally gets the credit for the doing of a particular piece of work, so long as it is done, and done well. He will apply to this particular outer task in his office, which he is not handling rightly, the inner principles of discipleship. He will undermine the strength which the inner enemy is able to throw in at that particular point on his individual battle line, at the same time that he strengthens his own hitting power at that very point—and this, too, without throwing in reserves—by his better understanding of, and more complete self-identification with, the larger mission and plan of his own High Command.

This wider analysis of inner conditions, this simultaneous action of several

kinds, is essential, not only in the cruder form of problem mentioned, but in the more subtle temptations of a higher plane of feeling and effort. A man, earnest and real in his intention, but too constantly immersed and absorbed in his own shortcomings, too closely concentrated on self, will find, in the very books of devotion to which he turns for light and help, in the very mention therein of spiritual and inner problems and of subtilties of thought and feeling, confirmation of his belief that his is really an exceptionally complicated and difficult case, and he will turn again with a thrill to a renewed contemplation of himself. He finds that for which he is looking. It is all far more simple than this. It is a question of ceasing to identify himself with himself. It is a question of right self-analysis, of right will; of vigour of attack at the right place and at the right time; of identification, in utter obedience and absorption, with the plan of the High Command, and not with the trench raids that are taking place in his front lines. Then, when the critical moment in the attack comes, he goes forward with reserves that are fresh and unimpaired.

Again, the principle, constantly reiterated by General Liggett, of always attacking strong points and machine guns by envelopment, and never directly; of "squeezing-out" a position by passing it on both flanks and then mopping it up from the rear,—presents a close parallel with a familiar inner problem. How often we persist in the frontal attack, resolved to overcome some particular fault, in order that we may advance all along the line, until, through our sheer obstinacy, and opinionatedness as to the necessity of gaining this objective *first* before further progress is possible,—our entire front is held up. A modern battle front is a long affair, about twenty-two miles wide in the case of the First American Army; one sees the necessity of this constant reiteration by General Liggett if uniform progress is to be made along the whole line. Our inner battle front likewise is a far flung line. Why should we think that we must perfect ourselves in one respect before we can advance elsewhere? Surely there are parts of our line where the progress is easier; surely we have strengths as well as weaknesses, virtues in embryo perhaps, which can be accentuated and developed, where progress can be made. As we grow in these ways, we find that we have passed this or that fault on both flanks, that growth in understanding and selflessness and loyalty and obedience have made it impossible any longer for that particular shortcoming to be the difficulty that it was in former days. We find that certain types of reading, certain kinds of conversation, no longer have any attraction or charm for us; we see them for what they are, as useless and futile; we are no longer willing to use up time and energy in these ways, realizing at last the double effect,—the unproductive expenditure of these two gifts, and the extent to which, by their right use, we may cause to increase and multiply within us finer appreciations, truer understandings of Reality itself. We discover that we no longer feel, as formerly, a glow of self-satisfaction from the performance of some duty; our motives and ideals have so been raised, insensibly as it were, that we are conscious only of dissatisfaction with the whole quality of our effort.

We no longer desire money or power for their own sake, but only as means to a larger end, that we may hold them in trust, using our stewardship in a sense most real, to benefit mankind. This change, this growth of vision, has come about by the strengthening within us of the spirit of real devotion, which in its turn has strengthened all our nascent virtues. Our inner battle line has passed by, in its advance, these former points of resistance. It remains for us only to pause long enough in that advance, to "mop-up" such psychic and emotional habits and moulds as still remain, in order to eliminate any danger of a possible and unexpected attack in our rear.

However effective this attack by envelopment may be against minor objectives, against isolated strong points, we are likely often to find, in our inner warfare, that our main attack must be conducted in a different manner. It is a fact in all military operations that there is some pivotal position to be obtained as an immediate objective, to be gained in a minimum of time, in order to control enemy railroads, supply-bases and lines of communication, and the movement of enemy reserves. This point gained, the enemy's position becomes untenable, and he is forced to retire not only at that point, but along his whole front, and as a result the next phase of the attack is easier, and the whole situation opens up. It is equally a fact that there may exist for each one of us a pivotal inner position which must be gained without delay, involving the immediate and complete destruction of some inner mould of thought and feeling, some preconceived idea, some tendency to evil, some sin in our lower nature. It is the strategic point of the enemy within us, from which he controls the situation, extending the ramifications of that control into every department of our lives, through the illusion that enthrals the lower mind. From this point, he strengthens everything that is evil in us, and moves his reserves to attack us in our unguarded moments. From it he may, in a moment of time, negative our inner effort for months past. Perhaps he has already extended his lines, so that no envelopment is possible, and nothing remains for us but an immediate frontal attack in force, resolved to oust him at all costs. Then, again, we must remember that our front is a long one, that things must move forward smoothly at all points, as well as at the point of the main attack, that our other forces must be up on the line, that we must not be diverted from our main consideration by the necessity of dividing our inner attention. There must be complete co-ordination of all our inner powers, of mind and imagination and desire and will; complete surrender of self-will; high courage; utter trust and faith in, and loyalty and obedience to, those Higher Powers who are directing our inner offensive. Thus the individuality will be in full command, drawing strength from the higher psychic plane of the personality, from the very forces of the enemy himself; in close communication with the Leaders through this bridge by which reinforcements reach us from the spiritual world.

"My belief was that the halt made under Army orders, when the Corps was reported to be on the Corps objective, was an error. It stopped the whole machinery of attack, which was difficult to set in motion again, and

we lost six hours, during which the enemy was able to bring up reinforcements all along the line. After the attack had started on the Corps Front there should have been no halt for the Corps except one imposed by the resistance of the enemy." There should have been no relaxation in the pressure exerted on the enemy, no limited objective, but, instead, a keen realization of the military value of pursuit, of that exploitation of success by which alone the fruits of victory can be garnered. In this terse comment by a great commander of troops in action lies a wealth of suggestion, a wide field for meditation, for those who are engaged in the inner conflict. What is a limited inner objective? What do we mean by the value of pursuit in our inner warfare? A concrete example, perhaps, is the case of a convert at a Rescue Mission, a drunkard for years, who has gone down to the depths of inner and outer degradation, and who has at last found a way of escape from his particular bondage, a new inner seeing. Night after night, week after week, month after month, he stands up in the meetings, when the time comes for him to give his "testimony," and returns thanks publicly that he has been saved and kept from the power of sin and drink. In nine cases out of ten he stops right there. He realizes that it was sin within him which made him drink; he realizes that redemption from that sin through spiritual power is a fact; but he fails to realize that his drunkenness was only an outer expression of an inner self-indulgence, —the particular point at which his own lower nature, in complete control, happened to break out. He fails entirely to realize that he has reached only a limited objective in this elimination of the outer consequences of his inner sin, that for the victory to be complete, he must pursue the advantage which he has gained. He is content with having given up drink, when theoretically he should stop at nothing short of complete purification. Still in terms simple but less crude, we are imposing a limited objective upon ourselves when, in our effort to overcome our love of comfort, we school ourselves not to take the most comfortable chair in the room; the value of pursuit for us would lie in training ourselves instinctively to pick out the most uncomfortable. To aid us in our inner growth we adopt a Rule of Life, rising in the morning at a regular hour; keeping a regular time for meditation and reading; regulating the amount and kind of food we eat; the amount of sleep we take and the time we take it. Regularity is the keynote of this outer Rule, but if we stop short at that and fail to carry this principle of regularity into our inner life, we have again halted on a limited objective, we have failed to press forward in pursuit, in the exploitation of such minor success as we may have gained.

The change of axis of an Army Corps, or of an Army in an offensive, the change of direction of an attack when once it has been started, such as took place in the operations of the First American Corps north of the Marne, and of the First American Army in the Meuse-Argonne offensive—in this latter case the change of direction was from North to East, one of ninety degrees—is an exceedingly difficult manœuvre from the military standpoint, requiring especially efficient troop leadership and staff work. Yet a change of direction in attack is a familiar thing in the inner life, necessitated within, as in

outer warfare, by the development of the situation. We have started, perhaps, to attack certain obvious sins from a motive inadequate except at the very beginning,—from dislike or fear of their consequences. At all events, we have started; the offensive is on. But, as we progress, our motive changes, improves. We hate, not only the consequences, but the sin itself, in ourselves and in others. From this, it is but a step to the point where the motive which actuates us is love of righteousness and truth and honour and virtue for their own sake; devotion to the Cause which we have made ours; loyalty to those great Companions and Leaders who are directing the offensive of the powers of Light against the forces of darkness. We hate evil more, not less; but for love's sake now, because we see that, of itself and in us, it can thwart the plan of that High Command under whose banner we serve. In the meanwhile, our whole line has pressed forward in that inner offensive into new ground; we find ourselves on a higher plane of thought and feeling and effort. We see that some old objectives have in reality been gained; that the main strength of others now lies only in psychic habit and memory; that in certain other phases of thought and feeling and daily living the enemy is no longer on that part of our front. Before long, however, we realize that this real progress, this raising of the whole plane on which we are functioning, has not changed the character of the conflict, but has only intensified it. We recognize the main forces of the same enemy in new positions, on the higher ground, to which we are advancing; echeloned in depth and strongly entrenched; commanding the zone of our advance; watchful as ever to take advantage of any sign of weakness in us; attacking in the same ways as before, as we come to recognize, but on this higher plane and from different strategic points. Again our line is being held up, and, recognizing this, we change the direction of our inner attack to meet these new dispositions of the enemy.

It is true, as has been said, that such a change of direction under modern war conditions necessitates troop leadership and staff work of a high order. It involves strong protection for the outer flank, close inter-communication, a preservation of constant contact with the sources of supply. It is impossible for the individual elements comprising the attack, and thus changing direction, to make progress without the closest co-operation between the line and the staff. It is a mutual effort, varying in character and kind. The commander of troops is in the thick of the conflict, he sees only what is occurring on his immediate front, and little or nothing of what is taking place elsewhere. He is acting under orders, and under the constant necessity of transmitting information as to his progress to the staff, in order that his immediate higher commander may know how and when and to what extent to modify or change those orders. He is concentrating, in other words, on his own personal problem, and taking all the help and advice about it that he can get.

It is probably equally true, in modern war, that there are far more men, personal bravery being equal, who can lead a battalion or a regiment in battle, than there are those who can fill the staff positions corresponding in

rank. The functioning of the staff calls for a greater diversity, a wider range of qualities. The modern staff officer no longer sits on a hill out of range, as he did in the wars of the last century, while he watches the battle through a glass, and receives dispatches reporting progress from mounted couriers as they gallop up. On the contrary, he is constantly harassed and interrupted in his work by shell fire, in these days of long-range artillery, and, should the circumstances demand it, he is quite likely to go over the top with the attacking battalions, in order to make a report from personal observation to his immediate commander. He must possess all the qualities which an officer with troops possesses, and others besides. He must so thoroughly understand the psychology and ability of troops, so thoroughly grasp front-line conditions, that he can make an intelligent and illuminating report. But he must be able to work in a spirit of close co-operation and loyalty, in intimate association, with those greatly his superiors in rank, desiring nothing for himself, thankful only when some suggestion of his, some effort which he has personally made, proves helpful in the direction of the common Cause. The ideal staff officer of higher rank must be so in touch with the plan and purpose of the High Command, must have so made it a part of himself, that, going, say, from a Corps to a Division, and finding the Division Commander about to issue an order which is at variance with that plan and purpose, and which may cause it to miscarry, he should be able so to cause the divisional order to be modified and changed as to conform to the plan, and thus co-ordinate the action of the smaller unit with the mission of the Corps. Diplomacy, the art of handling men in ways far more difficult than by direct command, knowledge and wisdom, sureness and self-confidence in the most real sense, all are necessary. When a staff is composed of individuals with these characteristics, its effectiveness is immeasurably increased. "Perfect confidence between the commander and his staff must exist, if great results are to be expected. This high confidence, based upon mutual respect for proved ability, will produce a machine which will run with a minimum of friction; it develops team-work in the highest degree. It is astonishing how quickly the knowledge of proper relations at Headquarters will permeate throughout a command, no matter how large the command may be. There results a high morale."

Surely the parallel is clear throughout. Surely the principles of modern warfare, as exemplified in this discussion of a few of the problems which confronted American troops in the field, may be translated almost literally into terms of the principles of discipleship. The commander of the smaller unit of troops in the line corresponds to the aspirant for discipleship, who is engaged in controlling and directing his own immediate forces, co-ordinating them to the best of his ability to conform with what he knows to be the main purpose, reporting constantly on his problems and on his progress, and asking and receiving counsel and assistance, either from the older student who is his immediate superior, or from the High Command direct, through meditation within the depths of his own soul. The staff officer corresponds to the disciple of higher rank, who

has passed, through experience, through elimination of self, through sacrifice and devotion, through effort and will, to that degree of understanding and attainment which makes him trustworthy, able to be of help to his superiors in their direction of larger spiritual issues. Through the reports of the officer in the line, from the trained observation of the member of the staff, the necessary protection is given to an exposed flank, the word of encouragement or warning or rebuke or enlightenment is spoken at the very moment at which it is most needed, and the essential contact with the main sources of spiritual supply is constantly maintained. As for the staff itself, surely we may think of it in terms of group life, requiring as it does all the essentials of group unity, demanding that mutual co-operation and helpfulness, that mutual loyalty and understanding, combined with the high spirit of devotion to a common Cause, which so greatly strengthens the effort and increases the effectiveness of each one of its members.

We should do well to remember, too, in our analysis of the parallel between these principles of modern warfare and discipleship, the insistence which in each practical instance cited, has been implicitly laid on the preservation of the three cardinal points in modern strategy,—mobility, hitting power or offensive action, and guarding power or security. Each one of the three is essential; to be truly effective they must be combined. So, too, must they be combined in the inner warfare with which we are concerned, for if they are not, we shall find ourselves tied and bound by the chain of our sins, and immobile when movement is demanded of us; we shall find ourselves, just when we thought we were safe, attacked by the enemy in our rear; we shall find ourselves fighting as those that beat the air.

Real strategy is to determine the objective, and to maintain it unswervingly; and this is true within, as without. "It is well to remember . . . that principles do not change, though the method of their application is ever changing. No matter how much the machinery of war may be developed, in the final analysis it is the *man* we must understand." It is that right self-understanding to which we, too, must attain here and now, with a minimum of delay, in order that our inner objective may be determined and maintained. And just as devotion to duty is the key to the upbuilding of military character, so may it be said that true devotion is the key to the upbuilding within us of all those other qualities which will make and keep us faithful soldiers and servants of that Cause to which we have given ourselves.

STUART DUDLEY.

CHHANDOGYA UPANISHAD

PART VI. SECTIONS 1–16

THE ETERNAL AND THE UNIVERSE

THE passage of the *Chhandogya Upanishad* here translated, and especially the latter part, has become the key-stone of the Vedanta philosophy. The sentence, That Thou Art, which affirms the oneness of the Self and the Eternal, is quoted again and again as the Mighty Saying, or is simply alluded to by that name, as being too well known to require quotation.

Perhaps something of the freshness and charm of the story, the grace and humour with which the characters, father and son, are drawn, is overshadowed by this solemn treatment. We have met them before. They are the father and son in the great story of the King-Initiate, Pravahana son of Jivala; the courteous, humble father and the conceited son, who, rather than confess his ignorance and wait patiently to learn, turns his back on the great Initiate and runs away. And in this later tale the youth defends himself with the same pert vanity as in the earlier. He then said: "Without having instructed me, verily, thou saidst, Sire, 'I have instructed thee.'" In the present story he says: "I am sure that those teachers of mine did not know this themselves." His fluent self-defence characterizes the boy through and through.

Nevertheless he is the recipient of the most universal and far-reaching message in the Upanishads. What is here translated falls naturally into two parts; the conclusion of each part is marked, according to the usage of these old treatises, by a phrase repeated: "Thus he learned of him; thus, verily, he learned."

The first part presents the teaching of the emanation, from the Eternal Being, of the threefold universe, or the three worlds, corresponding in general to Parabrahm and the first, second and third Logos, in the *Secret Doctrine*. We may think of the three manifested worlds as the Spiritual, here called the Radiance; the Psychical, or the Waters; and the Physical, the Earth; or as Heaven, the Mid-world and Earth, according to a phrase often used in the Upanishads. But it should be remembered that the separation between them is one of manifestation only, not of essence. They are all manifestations, or apparitions, of Being, the only reality. We may think of the Radiance as the spiritual pole of manifested Being; Earth as the material, or negative pole; and the Waters as the world between. In this sense, the progression from Evil to Good corresponds to a reversal of polarity, from material to spiritual, from negative to positive, from receptive to creative.

The division, Being, Radiance, the Waters, Earth, is really seven-fold, since in each of the three manifested worlds a corresponding Self is infused. Taking the microcosmic correspondence, we have these seven principles, beginning from the highest: the supreme Self; the spiritual self in the causal body; the psychical self in the psychic body; the habitual self in the physical body; or seven in all. It should be remembered that we are here using the word, psychical, to describe the whole middle nature, and not in the more limited sense of an abnormal phase of the mind.

When we come to the divisions of man, we find the same classification into three, and a similar symbolism. Formative Voice stands for the spiritual nature, the Logos consciousness in the causal body. Vital Breath, formed of the Waters, is the psychical consciousness in the psychic body; that is, in a body possessed of form. Mind is the consciousness in the physical body, a consciousness which, the Upanishad tells us, is formed of the essence of Earth. This is in harmony with what an Aryan Master has written: "Manas, pure and simple, is of a lower degree, and of the earth earthly; and so your greatest men count but as nonentities in the arena where greatness is measured by the standard of spiritual development."

In conformity with this symbolism, the physical experience of the personality is thought of as the food eaten; experience on the higher plane, which, for the moment, we are calling psychical, is similarly described as water which is drunk. If we carry this image a step farther, we can think of holy experience as divided into consecrated food and consecrated drink, thus establishing the symbolism of a sacrament, such as appears to have existed in the ritual of Osiris.

When it is said that "man is divided into sixteen parts," this probably refers to the division of five powers of perception, five powers of action, five vital breaths, and mind as the sixteenth. But we need not press the details of the simile too far.

In the second part, with the Mighty Saying as the refrain of each section, the purpose is, by vivid illustrations, to establish the intuition of Spirit as present and operative everywhere and in all things.

The passage which describes the entry of separate beings into the Real, in dreamless sleep, has a parallel in the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad:* "Here the father is father no more; nor the mother a mother; nor the worlds worlds." In the deeper sense, it approaches the mystery of Nirvana. But the whole passage is one for meditation rather than analysis.

The Three Worlds

There lived once Shvetakètu, Aruna's grandson; his father addressed him, saying:

Shvetaketu, go, learn service of the Eternal; for no one in our family serves the Eternal in name only.

So going when he was twelve years old, he returned when he was twenty-four; he had studied all the Vedas and was conceited, vain of his learning and proud. His father addressed him:

Shvetaketu, since you are conceited, dear, vain of your learning and proud, have you asked for that instruction through which the unheard becomes heard, the unthought becomes thought, the unknown becomes known?

What sort of instruction is that, Master? said he.

Just as, dear, by a single lump of clay everything made of clay may be known, for the difference is one of words and names only, and the reality is that it is clay; just as, dear, by a single jewel of gold everything made of gold may be known, for the difference is one of words and names only, and the reality is that it is gold; just as, dear, by a single knife-blade everything made of iron may be known, for the difference is one of words and names only, and the reality is that it is iron; just like this is that instruction.

But I am sure that those teachers of mine did not know this themselves; for if they had known it, how would they not have declared it to me? But let the Master tell it thus to me, said he.

Let it be so, dear, said he.

Being, dear, was in the beginning, one, without a second. But there are some who say that non-Being was in the beginning, one, without a second, so that from non-Being, Being would be born. But how, indeed, dear, could this be so? How from non-Being could Being be born? said he; but in truth Being was in the beginning, dear, one, without a second.

Then Being beholding said: Let me become great; let me give birth. Then it put forth Radiance.

Then Radiance beholding said: Let me become great; let me give birth. Then it put forth the Waters. Just as a man toils and sweats, so from Radiance the waters are born.

Then the Waters beholding said: Let us become great; let us give birth. Then they put forth the world-food, Earth. Just as when it rains, abundant food is produced, so from the Waters the world-food, Earth, is born.

Of all these, of beings, there are three germs: what is born of the Egg, what is born of Life, what is born of Division.

This Divinity beholding said: Let me enter these three divinities with this Life, with my Self, let me give them manifold names and forms. Let me make each of them threefold. So this Divinity, entering these three divinities, by the Life, by the Self, gave them manifold names and forms. That made each of them threefold. How, indeed, dear, these three divinities become each threefold, learn this of me.

In fire, the radiant form is from Radiance; the clear form is from the Waters; the dark form is from Earth. But the separate nature of fire is a thing of names and words only, while the reality is the three forms.

So of the sun, the radiant form is from Radiance; the clear form is from the Waters; the dark form is from Earth. But the separate nature of the sun is a thing of names and words only, while the reality is the three forms.

So of the moon, the radiant form is from Radiance; the clear form is from the Waters; the dark form is from Earth. But the separate nature of the moon is a thing of names and words only, while the reality is the three forms.

So of lightning, the radiant form is from Radiance; the clear form is from the Waters; the dark form is from Earth. But the separate nature of lightning is a thing of names and words only, while the reality is the three forms.

Therefore of old time those who knew this, the great lords and teachers of old, spoke thus: None of us may now speak of anything as unheard, unthought, unknown; for by these they knew. Whatever form was radiant, as it were, they knew it was from Radiance; whatever form was clear, as it were, they knew it was from the Waters; whatever form was dark, as it were, they knew it was from Earth. Whatsoever, verily, had been unknown, they knew that it was a union of these three divinities.

But, dear, how these three divinities, when they come to man, become each threefold, learn this of me.

Food that is eaten is divided threefold. Its grossest part becomes waste; its middle part becomes flesh; its finest part becomes Mind.

Waters that are drunk are divided threefold. The grossest part becomes waste; the middle part becomes blood; its finest part becomes vital Breath.

Things that produce radiant heat when eaten are divided threefold. The grossest part becomes bone; the middle part becomes marrow; the finest part becomes formative Voice.

For Mind, dear, is formed of food, of Earth; vital Breath is formed of the Waters; formative Voice is formed of Radiance.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

Of churned milk, dear, the finest part rises to the top and becomes butter. Just so of food eaten, dear, the finest part rises to the top and becomes Mind. And so of the waters that are drunk, the finest part rises to the top and becomes vital Breath. And so when heat-giving things are eaten, the finest part rises to the top and becomes formative Voice.

For Mind, dear, is formed of Food; vital Breath is formed of the Waters; formative Voice is formed of Radiance.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

Man, dear, is made of sixteen parts. Eat nothing for fifteen days, but drink as much water as you wish; for vital Breath, being formed of the Waters, will be cut off if you do not drink.

He ate nothing for fifteen days; then he approached him, saying: What shall I say, Sire?

Repeat verses of the Rig Veda, formulas of the Yajur Veda, chants of the Sama Veda, said he.

They do not come back to me, Sire, said he.

He said to him: As, dear, from a great fire, if one ember remain no bigger than a firefly, it will not burn much; just so, dear, of your sixteen parts

but one remains, and by this one part you do not recall the Vedas. Eat, and you shall learn of me.

He ate, and then approached him; and whatever he asked him, he repeated it all.

The Master said to him: As, dear, from a great fire, if one ember remain no bigger than a firefly, if it be fed with grass, it will blaze up, and will then burn much; so, dear, of your sixteen parts one remained; being fed with food, it blazed up, and through it you recall the Vedas. For Mind, dear, is formed of Food; vital Breath is formed of the Waters; formative Voice is formed of Radiance. Thus he learned of him; thus verily, he learned.

That Thou Art

Uddalaka, son of Aruna, addressed his son Shvetaketu, saying: Learn from me, dear, the reality regarding sleep. When a man sinks to sleep, as they say, dear, then he is wrapped by the Real; he has slipped back to the Self. And so they say of him, he sleeps, because he has slipped back to the Self. And just as a falcon tied by a cord, flying hither and thither, and finding no other resting place, comes to rest where he is tied, so indeed, dear, the man's mind, flying hither and thither, and finding no other resting place, comes to rest in vital Breath; for Mind, dear, is bound by vital Breath.

Learn from me, dear, the reality regarding hunger and thirst. When a man hungers, as they say, the Waters guide what he eats. And as there are guides of cows, guides of horses, guides of men, so they call the Waters guides of what is eaten. Know that the man grows up from this, dear, as a sprouting plant; and it cannot be without a root.

And where can the root be, save the Earth? Therefore, through Earth as outgrowth, seek the Waters as root; through the Waters as outgrowth, seek the Radiance as root; through the Radiance as outgrowth, seek Being as root; for all these beings, dear, are rooted in Being, abiding in Being, set firm in Being.

And so when the man thirsts, as they say, the Radiance guides what he drinks. As there are guides of cows, guides of horses, guides of men, so they call the Radiance the guide of what he drinks. Know that he grows up from this, dear, as a sprouting plant; and it cannot be without a root.

And where can the root be, save the Waters? Therefore, through the Waters as outgrowth, seek the Radiance as root; through the Radiance as outgrowth, seek Being as root; for all these beings, dear, are rooted in Being, abiding in Being, set firm in Being. And how these three divinities, coming to a man, become each threefold, that has been declared before.

And of him, dear, of the man when he goes forth, formative Voice sinks back into Mind, Mind into vital Breath, vital Breath into the Radiance, the Radiance into the higher Divinity. This is the fine essence, the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

As the honey-makers, dear, gather the honey from many a tree, and weld the nectars together in a single nectar; and as these find no separateness there, nor say: Of that tree I am the nectar, of that tree I am the nectar; so, indeed, dear, all these beings, when they enter into Being, know not, nor say: We have entered into Being. But whatever they are here, whether tiger or lion or wolf or boar or worm or moth or gnat or fly, whatever they are, that they become again. This is the fine essence, the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

These eastern rivers, dear, roll eastward; and the western, westward. From the ocean to the ocean they go, and in the ocean they are united; as there they know no separateness, nor say: This am I, this am I; so, indeed, dear, all these beings, when they come forth from Being, know not, nor say: We have come forth from Being. But whatever they are here, whether tiger or lion or wolf or boar or worm or moth or gnat or fly, whatever they are, that they become again. This is the fine essence, the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

If any one strike the root of this great tree, dear, it will flow and live; if any one strike the middle of it, it will flow and live; if any one strike the top, it will flow and live. So filled with Life, with the Self, drinking in and rejoicing, it stands firm. But if the life leave one branch, that branch dries up; if it leave a second, it will dry up; if it leave a third, it will dry up; if it leave the whole, the whole will dry up. Thus, indeed, dear, you must understand, said he. Abandoned by Life, verily, this dies; but Life dies not. This is the fine essence, the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

Bring me a fruit of that fig-tree, said he.

Here is the fruit, Master.

Divide it, said he.

It is divided, Master.

What do you see in it? said he.

These atom-like seeds, Master.

Divide one of them, said he.

It is divided, Master.

What do you see in it? said he.

I see nothing at all, Master.

So he said to him: That fine essence that you perceive not at all, dear, from that fine essence the great fig-tree comes forth. Believe then, dear, that this fine essence is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

Put this salt in water, and come to me early in the morning.

He did so, and he said to him: The salt that you put in the water last night, bring it to me, beloved.

Seeking its appearance, he could not see it, as it was dissolved.

On this side taste it, said he; how is it?

It is salt, said he.

In the middle taste it, said he; how is it?

It is salt, said he.

On that side taste it, said he; how is it?

It is salt, said he.

Cast it away, then, and return to me.

He did so; but it exists for ever. He said to him: You do not perceive Being in the world, yet in truth it is here. This fine essence is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

Just as if, dear, one were to blindfold a man, and lead him far from Gandhara, and were to leave him in the wilderness, and to the east, to the north, to the south he should cry: Blindfolded am I led here, blindfolded am I deserted. And just as if one should come, and loosing the bandage from his eyes, should say: In that direction is Gandhara; in that direction you must go. And he asking from village to village like a wise man and learned, should come safe to Gandhara; so, verily, the man who has found a Teacher knows: It is only until the time of my release; then I shall find my home. And this fine essence is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

When a man, dear, is near his end, his kin gather round him: Do you know me, do you know me? they say. So long as formative Voice sinks not back into Mind, and Mind into vital Breath, and vital Breath into the Radiance, and the Radiance into the higher Divinity, so long he knows. But when formative Voice sinks back into Mind, and Mind into vital Breath, and vital Breath into the Radiance, and the Radiance into the higher Divinity, he knows not. And this fine essence is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Let the Master teach me further, said he.

Be it so, dear, said he.

As, dear, they seize a man and bring him: He has stolen, they say; he has committed theft. Heat the axe for him. And if he be the doer of it, he makes himself untrue; maintaining untruth, and wrapping himself in untruth, he grasps the heated axe; he is burned, and so he is slain. But if he be not the doer of it, he makes himself true; maintaining truth, and wrapping

himself in truth, he grasps the heated axe; he is not burned, and so he is set free. And the truth that saves him from burning, this is the Real, this the Self. That thou art, O Shvetaketu.

Thus he learned of him; thus, verily, he learned.

C. J.

(To be continued)

Spiritual happiness, like virtue and a sense of duty, needs an apprenticeship, and we are on earth to learn how to be happy in eternity.—LEFORTRY.

What an illusion the hope with which some souls delude themselves,—of becoming interior without mortification!—LEJEUNE.

Goodness does more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good.—LANDOR.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

WHEN I was eight or ten years of age my imagination was greatly stirred by my reading of Jack-the-Giant-Killer's magic cloak which made its wearer invisible. In fact, the stimulus of this story and that of Aladdin started my chum and myself making up stories for our entertainment whenever we were together. Into these stories we put as much of magic as we pleased, and we kept up the custom until we were so far into our 'teens that the growing requirement of plausibility made the game unsatisfactory. This early pastime gave us a feeling of control over imaginary situations which carried with it a considerable thrill.

Shortly after we gave up our game of magic, I began to hear of instances of clairvoyance and clairaudience experienced by occasional old Quakers, and of table tipping, thought transference and Christian Science cures. I can not recall having felt any great scepticism as to the occurrence of these things, but instead was intensely curious to know the modus operandi. Furthermore, if these things really happened they must all have happened under the workings of natural law, in spite of the different explanations offered; and I wanted to understand the real nature of the processes. This interest continued for several years, although it became gradually overlaid with new points of view.

During my whole youth I was under the influence of Quakerism, especially the teaching that one has within him an inner light, which not only tells when he has done wrong, but may, by careful nurture, point out in advance what should be done. Or, as the idea was often expressed, to the extent that one lives in harmony with the divine will, he will have clearer and clearer insight which will bring him into still closer harmony. There appeared to be no limit to the development thus promised. Here, indeed, was promise of power, and happiness too, if one ever got beyond doing the wrong thing.

At the age of twenty there fell into my hands an anonymous book called "The Great Work." It left the impression that after one had brought himself to live according to the highest tenets of ethics recognized by the world, he might be given further special instruction by certain mysterious beings known as Masters, whose existence was unrecognized and unsuspected by the world at large. The adeptship thus to be reached brought with it an inconceivable development of a man's faculties, and marvellous control of the forces of nature. Here was an extension of and a powerful addition to the religious teaching of my childhood. Not only did living in harmony with the divine will bring further insight and the promise of perfection, but it brought

actual personal contact with those who were perfected, and direct teaching by them.

And so I went to college, keeping my eyes open for Masters; but I failed to get on the trail of any of them while I was there.

The next year, after leaving college, I met at the University a man who was a member of The Theosophical Society. I soon found that our interests were fundamentally the same, and we became close friends. He introduced me to the Theosophical literature; and although the ideas of reincarnation and Karma were new to me, and challenging, the QUARTERLY and the books listed therein were written in a style which indicated that the authors were as wise as any I had ever read. So the literature tended to carry conviction of itself, and the more one pondered over the teachings, the better did they seem to explain the facts of life. The method of approach to the Masters as set forth in Volume I of Cavé's *Fragments* seemed fair and reasonable. What little I knew of physical science showed that the ultimate causes and operations of things were still sufficiently clouded in mystery, to leave a wide range for the occurrence of what is commonly called supernatural, so I did not balk at the recorded "phenomena."

Theosophy had another feature which especially recommended it, in view of my early desire to know the underlying causes of things. It made a single system of all truth, wherein the facts of life were knit together by operation under universal law. Religion, science and art were all based upon the fundamental realities of the universe, so that there could be no actual contradictions even if things often seemed paradoxical. "There is no religion higher than truth" was the motto of Theosophy.

Theosophy explained man—who he is, and whither he is bound—and gave handbooks for the journey. The traveller was invited to verify the maps by tramping the country. Since all of mankind is on the journey there would be no lack of companions, and the rewards were worth the exploration.

After I had attended several meetings of the New York Branch of the Society I found that the impression of integrity given by the QUARTERLY was strengthened by acquaintance with the members themselves. The question then became not whether Theosophy was what I wanted but whether I was fit to become a member of the Society. Upon being told that I might feel free to enter, since my interests lay there, I applied for membership.

V.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE man we call the Maid-of-all-Work turned to one of our contributors with what he evidently believed to be a happy thought. His face takes that expression whenever he thinks of something for someone else to do. "You have a great gift," he said. "I envy you. You can describe things, and most of us can describe ideas only, and then none too clearly. I wish you would write an article for the QUARTERLY on 'Things observed on Fifth Avenue.' It would make capital reading."

"This is the second time you have suggested that to me," groaned our contributor; "and the worst of it is that I am beginning to feel responsible. But I never *do* observe things on Fifth Avenue; I haven't the eyes for it, somehow. It seems to *say* nothing to me; it is as though I were trying to carry on an argument with a crowd of beings from another planet, whose tongue I could not understand and whose manners and customs were perfectly incomprehensible. Since you first suggested an article on Fifth Avenue, I have tried to look, but I see nothing. What is the matter with me? I'll try again; but these things (impressions I mean) do not really come by 'trying,'—that is always defeating. Unless it is natural and spontaneous, it is not an impression in any true sense, is it?"

"Splendid!" exclaimed the other; "you have your article all but written. Put into black and white what you have just said, and you have it! You can begin like this: 'I have been asked to write an article on the sights of Fifth Avenue, which is an impossible thing for me to do, if only for the reason that there *are* no sights on Fifth Avenue. There is a blur, a blotch, a deafening roar,—and home again. If I were suddenly plunged to the bottom of the sea and then were asked to report on my observations, I could report nothing. In the first place my eye is not trained to distinguish differences in deep sea flora and fauna. In the second place there *are* no differences on Fifth Avenue. There is jelly—a vast surface of it—wiggling—presumably an elemental, embryonic state of matter, destined ultimately to be born. Some may see male and female, positive and negative; but I deny that any such distinction exists,—not on Fifth Avenue, in any case. No greater mistake can be made, theosophically, than to suppose that because one thing wears trousers and another thing wears the rudiments—or the remains—of a skirt, it is proper to assume some difference in sex. To assume that, would be almost as foolish as to assume the existence of a soul on the slim foundation of resemblances to the human form. Madame Blavatsky, when in London, for her health's sake was taken for drives in Hyde Park; but she wept and was made ill, because nearly everyone she saw was soulless.'"

"Stop, stop!" implored our contributor. "Don't deprive me of all hope! I told you I would try. Don't bewilder me with suggestions!"

"I have suggested nothing," the other protested. "Can't you see that I have not produced a single concrete image (jelly is not concrete; that's why it's jelly), but have dealt with ideas only, while, as I told you, your particular gift is the ability to describe *things*. And although I tried to paraphrase your thesis, I don't agree with it in the least. The forest exists, but the trees exist also. There are differences, and in the microscopic eyes of God, those differences must be immense."

"But what am I to do with them when I find them?"

"My friend, that is not for me to say. You are the artist, you are the creative genius; and it is for you to reveal the universal in the particular, the eternal in the transitory, the divinely beautiful in the commonplace."

"You expect me to reveal the divinely beautiful on Fifth Avenue?"

"Not necessarily: only if you find it. Maybe you will find, instead, a sort of Eighth Sphere, where the refuse of the astral world is dumped." And he laughed. "Cheer up," he continued. "There is only one thing that God really loves, and that is Heroism. Perhaps I am offering you your chance!"

"From whom are you quoting?" asked the Student.

The Maid-of-all-Work was not offended. "Quite right," he said. "I never had an original idea in my life, and I am none the less glad that you noticed it. A superb idea! It is from the French: that much I remember. It sounds like Jacques D'Arnoux,—his *Paroles d'un Revenant:* but I am not sure."

"No," said the Philosopher; "I happen to have marked those words in my copy of *La Vie Héroïque de Jean du Plessis*, by his father: '*Dieu n'aime, au fond, que l'héroïsme.*' A great book, by the way."

"Well, no matter who produced it, thank heaven for so noble an expression of the truth. It is not goodness that He loves, unless goodness be carried to an heroic degree; it is not beauty, except in the sense that heroism is the highest form of beauty; it is not wisdom, for I do not see that wisdom can ever be heroic,—unless it were argued that God must hate folly, and therefore must be thankful for its absence!"

"I doubt if it ever be absent, short of Mahatmaship," the Historian interjected. "The more I study myself and others, the more convinced I am that every one of us is crazy in certain directions. The degree of idiocy varies, and also its direction; but there is not much to choose between us. Most of us live on the verge of saying or doing something that, said or done by another person, we should not hesitate to describe as hopelessly idiotic. The best we can do is to conceal our inclinations."

"Bless my soul," exclaimed the Student, "what has happened to you!"

"Nothing," replied the Historian, quite unperturbed. "So far as I know, what I have just said is one of the fundamental principles of Theosophy, though phrased so as to mean something. The lower nature, the personality, is inherently unbalanced and insane. It sees little as big and big as little; it is the victim of every kind of glamour; it lives on words, on shib-

boleths, and although the rational nature is able to keep it in check in some directions, we must surely have observed, in others at least, the innumerable occasions when the rational nature is powerless."

"How I detest people who live in a well of gloom, emerging only to make others damp and chilly!"

"You need bracing," the Historian retorted. "You sit all day over a radiator—a radiator of self-sufficient and self-satisfying dreams. If you find my view of human nature depressing, it means that you have failed to see the positive and constructive programme which this view implies, and that, incidentally, you live in jeopardy every hour; for once a man accepts the truth—namely, that he is large part lunatic—he ceases to imagine that he can safely navigate his life alone. Figuratively speaking, he incarcerates himself; he limits his own freedom; he devises checks here and supervision there. When he does this—and not until then—he begins to show glimmerings of sanity. Instead of craving freedom, he dreads it. Not as yet knowing anyone who is completely sane—for as yet he probably does not know Masters—he remembers that one man may be blind, and another deaf, in which case the two would be wise to join forces when crossing a city street. So he conspires with his fellows to stand between himself and his worst attacks of folly; in other words, to stand between himself and his known exaggerations, his chronic or spasmodic manias, his recognized 'temptations.' He places himself under a Rule of Life, somewhat as a man who has been a drunkard, occasionally has sense enough to rule that he will never again go near certain places where liquor can be obtained; that he will hurry to a friend the moment the desire for it creeps near him; that he will report on his behaviour periodically to one or another of his intimates; that he will fill his mind with wholesome interests, and so forth. The main thing is to get rid of the hydra-headed sense of self-sufficiency, and to act accordingly. People dash off letters, here, there, and everywhere, as if the written word were a harmless, invisible gas, instead of a self-perpetuating explosive. They marry, enter into business agreements, cultivate acquaintances, embark on journeys, eat and drink, buy clothes, on no other basis than that of their likes and dislikes,—simply because they want to! The worst of all possible reasons. Any grown man, from painful experience, should know enough to beware whenever he finds himself clinging to a plan or idea. This is almost infallible when writing. Our 'fine' passages—the passages for which we have the tenderest regard—nearly always are our worst. It is only in directions where we are utterly detached, because utterly unconcerned *personally*, that there is likelihood of our taking a sane view of anything."

By this time the Student was thoroughly exasperated. "I protest," he exclaimed, "that I have rarely been obliged to listen to a more one-sided statement of a half truth. You would reduce the personality to the condition of a caged Chinese prisoner,—one of those poor, tortured creatures within bars so confining that he can neither stand nor lie down, but can only sit in a huddled heap. Worse than that—because a man in a cage may still

have some fight in him—the picture you suggest is that of a timid, diffident, self-distrustful creature, whose one genuine desire is not to make a mistake. Cross a street! He'd never cross a street. He'd never cross anything. He'd walk round the block so as not to cross a street, only to arrive, of course, where he started, terrified at his boldness. What a travesty of discipleship! The very opposite of what is wanted! Would you have a chêla of the Lodge a whole manvantara *less* than a Mussolini, *less* than a Cardinal Mercier,—less powerful, I mean, as a personality? Thank heaven, in any case, that you speak for yourself alone."

"Dear me, dear me," said the Philosopher, before the Historian could utter a word; "this is very interesting. It is not often that we are favoured with a difference of opinion so easily reconciled,—yes, so easily reconciled," he repeated, as both the Student and the Historian glared at him in disappointed surprise. "I am glad you mentioned Mercier," he continued, turning directly to the Student, "because he happens to supply the point of reconciliation. In a recent article—not otherwise very illuminating—a priest who knew him as well, perhaps, as most of those who were outwardly close to him, writing on his inner life, deals indirectly with the very problem you two have raised.

"The Cardinal's personality, he says, 'was strongly evident in all his works, and deeply impressed itself on the world with the radiance and fascination so familiar to all of us. It is interesting, therefore'—this writer continues—'to inquire how this "I" (*moi*), so powerful, so impassioned, and which stood out in such bold relief, could harmonize with his amazing simplicity and his profound humility. The answer is always the same: all that "I" rushed in love to God, saw God as its sole aim, sought Him only, was used solely in His service and for His glory.'

"Even in the case of Mussolini, in whom love of country probably takes the place of love of God, it is the love and service of that which is greater than himself, and for which all personal inclinations are sacrificed—at least in so far as he recognizes any conflict—which shows the way out of the dilemma. In other words, my verdict is that both of you are right, but that both points of view (not to speak of mine, a third!) are needed before the equilibrium, which we call Theosophy, can be attained."

"Further," interjected the Ancient, "as no two people are at the same stage of evolution, and as nearly every one is developed lop-sidedly, one person may need a dose of the Historian's medicine rather than a dose of the Student's, or vice versa. There is no such thing as 'a truth for all people equally.' One man's Truth is another man's poison."

Now it was our Visitor who broke out: "I know very little of your theories," he said, "but I have seen something of the world as it is; and I know, if I know anything, that you must take your choice between being steam-rollered and steam-rollering everything in sight."

We laughed. "Mussolini would agree with you anyhow!" the Historian insinuated, with a glance at the Student.

"I don't know whether he would or not," our Visitor replied; "and I confess that I am not greatly concerned about agreement or disagreement, because facts are facts. Not long ago a friend of mine was ill. He was obliged to have nurses—day and night—men. He told me afterwards that, having been seriously ill once before, he knew that his recovery would depend, in large measure, upon his ability to steam-roller his nurses, for otherwise they would steam-roller him. He had no desire, he said, to be washed to death, or ventilated to death, or talked to death, while, if his few remaining hairs were brushed and combed as often as the nurses desired, he knew he would not have one left after a week or two in bed. So, with fever to help him, he took the aggressive from the moment they entered his room, first with one and then with the other. A good trouncing to begin with, he said, though very exhausting, was essential if he were to have any peace; and any trained nurse could be relied upon to give one an opening, because, trained in hospitals, and accustomed there to wash all their victims before putting them to bed, they always assumed that the private patient also was in dreadful need of a bath, and would enter his room, armed with towels and basins of water and soap and rubber sheets, prepared for execution. That was the opportunity, said my friend, for whatever of well-regulated vocabulary one might possess,—with freedom or slavery as the issue. 'Flatten them out,' he said, 'or God help you.' And my friend was right, for the same thing is true in every human relationship. The theory of give-and-take, of compromise, is nonsense, for in practice it means that no one is satisfied. Peace in a home, the success of a business, the prosperity of a nation, all depend upon the ability of some one determined soul to steam-roller every creature within his reach."

The Student showed signs of worry. "Regardless of the determined soul's intelligence?" he questioned.

"Intelligence is comparatively unimportant," our Visitor replied. "I said 'peace in a home': does it really matter, for instance, whether the apple of their eye is sent to Harvard or, instead, is set to work in an office or factory at seven dollars a week? He will have opinions, and *she* (possibly more than one she) will also have opinions; but the peace and happiness of every one concerned will depend, not upon which path he follows, but upon the swiftness and finality of the decision which squelches all discussion and hurls young hopeful—body, soul and breeches—upon any path which gives him his chance, as every path must."

"What a home!" the Historian muttered.

"No wrangling in it!" our Visitor retorted.

"'He made a desert and he called it peace,'" quoted the Historian.

"Pardon me," our Visitor objected, "but my own observation does not bear you out. Not to depart too greatly from your own simile, I have observed that rolling a grass lawn not only makes the surface smooth, but strengthens the roots and promotes closeness and vigour of growth. I am not speaking of half measures. To try to steam-roller and to fail, neces-

sarily creates friction; but to do it completely and, above all, with finality, stimulates right activity and obliterates friction."

The Philosopher, meanwhile, had been vastly entertained, chiefly at the expense of the Historian and the Student, both of whom, for their different reasons, had been squirming. Now he showed signs of coming to the rescue, —or of wishing to do so. "How about motive?" he asked.

"You mean selfishness or unselfishness?" our Visitor countered. "Very misleading, both from within and from without. An acquaintance of mine, not many weeks ago, was told by his doctors that unless he had parts of his insides cut out, he'd die. He stoutly refused to risk it, so they besieged his womenfolk, who naturally were frightened out of their wits, and who begged him, for their sakes, to submit to the operation. The doctors had their way, and he's dead—from sheer unselfishness, from a false consideration for those weeping, well-meaning women. His good intentions may land him in Heaven,—but prematurely, which is only another way of saying that his motive did not shield anyone from misery, while, if he had steam-rollered doctors and womenfolk alike, he would probably be alive to-day, and cheerful."

Before the Philosopher could pierce our Visitor's defence—and that it was vulnerable, all of us perceived—the Engineer threw in quickly, "Have you considered the example of Christ and Buddha?" to which came the immediate rejoinder: "You have suggested two supreme instances of effective steam-rolling. Buddha occasionally covered his with wadding, but Christ, never! He rode rough-shod over every one and everything, and gave himself to death at last, only that he might ride rough-shod over Death. That is one reason why he is worshipped. Read history. You can measure the extent to which men have been adored, by the extent to which they steam-rollered the world around them. Someone exclaimed, a few minutes ago, 'What a home!'—as if to crush my argument; but if you know of a happy home anywhere, you will find a steam-roller as its presiding deity."

"I am sorry to interrupt a very interesting discussion," said the Recorder at this point, "but there is another question which really must be considered, as I have held it over for months, and an answer has been promised in the 'Screen.'"

Both the Student and the Historian protested vigorously. "Impossible to leave that personality-steam-roller issue where it stands," the Historian said. "Your readers will be hopelessly bewildered. What do you expect them to conclude?"

"I have not the least idea what they will conclude," the Recorder replied; "but I am reasonably certain that their conclusion will not be the same in any two cases, and I doubt very much if it would be influenced by any further argument. Students of Theosophy are in the habit of thinking things out for themselves. It would be a mistake to attempt always to supply a ready-made answer, even if we were capable of doing so. I know that some of our readers will cheer for our Visitor, while others will be mildly horrified.

There will be those, however, who will easily be able to reconcile the appearance of disagreement, and who will see, as one of you suggested, that it takes red and violet and several other colours to make up the pure white light of Truth. In any case, I am bound by my promise. This is the other question:

"'If the power that brought this universe into manifestation was *perfect*, what need was there for a manifested universe at all, with all its consequent suffering and sorrow?

"'Is there some new power or life principle coming into existence by this painful process of evolution, that did not exist before?

"'If so, shall we have to admit that the God of this universe is in a state of evolution in and through every manifestation that we see in this world?'

"Many years ago (*The Theosophical Forum* for October, 1894), Mr. Judge concluded an answer to a similar question by saying:

"'If we think we are separate from God and his universe, then alterations of state and condition will naturally be thought of as needful, and the question will arise, "Why did we fall if we were once divine?" I do not admit that "we were once divine and have fallen," but say that we are divine and always were, and that the falling is but apparent and due to the personal consciousness which calls that soul which is not, and that not, which is. We are God, and working out in various personalities and environments the great plan in view, and that plan is well known to the dweller in the body who calmly waits for all the material elements to come to a realization of their oneness with God.'

"But I appeal to the Philosopher for an answer, quite independently of my quotation from Mr. Judge."

"One hundred words for the mystery of the universe?" the Philosopher questioned, quizzically.

The Recorder held his peace, so the Philosopher continued:

"I do not think that Philosophy, in the technical sense, can answer that question. We cannot measure the Infinite with our finite, human scales and foot-rules. The mind cannot fathom that which necessarily transcends mind. Mysticism alone can supply some hint of an answer. But first let me make this clear: Think of a boy at school,—of yourself, when you were at school. *Could* you have understood then the purpose of education? Could you have foreseen its ultimate uses? The very fact that you were a boy, no matter how intelligent, would have made it impossible to grasp the meaning of your father's or teacher's explanation. They would speak from experience; you were as empty of *their* experience as you now are of conditions on the planet Mars. How strange that we, as grown men, think that we ought to be able to fathom the purposes of God,—using that term in the widest sense, as the Absolute, or as the First Logos. As someone truly remarked, He would not be God if we could understand Him!

"May I also point out that the questioner, like most people, takes it for granted that suffering and sorrow are evils, or, if not evils, are in any case

states of consciousness to be deplored. Why this assumption? I look back on my own past (perhaps the questioner also) and am at least as grateful for its suffering and sorrow as I am for any of its joys. May it not be true, as some have claimed, that there are angels who know but one temptation,—that of envying man for his ability to suffer?

"But here is the answer of St. Augustine,—not always thought of as a mystic. He said that if he were God, as the true God is, he would cease from being so, that he might so become. I dislike to paraphrase so profound, so complete a perception. It means so much. Perhaps the questioner will be good enough to think about it, to meditate upon it. Union must be departed from, to be enjoyed. Dimly, very dimly, from the analogy of universal experience, we may catch the glimmer of a possible answer to his questions. That it will satisfy our analytical minds is not to be expected; but there is something in all of us which transcends the mind; there is the soul; and it was the perception of his own soul which St. Augustine recorded,—a glimpse into the heart of God."

T.

P. S.—As the Recorder occasionally practises what he hears preached, and, further, found himself clinging to the idea that he had written enough, he submitted his draft of the "Screen" to a friend who had not been present during the discussion. In due course he returned for criticism.

Said his friend: "I agree with the protest against leaving your main subject up in the air. It's as bad as some T. S. meetings, with a beginning but no end, when people go away wondering what they ought to do about it."

"Well," said the Recorder, "it was half-past five; it was time to stop." Then, innocently: "What more could be said anyhow!"

"Only to the extent that the personality is disciplined, can it have force. You remember de Maistre: that spring is the result of pressure, of suppression, and that the metal of youth must be disciplined if maturity is to have power. It is difficult to discuss the question unless we distinguish between the personality, true and false, and the individuality at a later stage of growth,—using those terms in the sense commonly accepted by students of Theosophy. In other words, there is a type of personality which is a growth from below, which is the false personality; and there is a type of personality in which these lower elements are controlled by a higher will. Then, as these lower elements are transformed by obedience, comes the birth of the individuality, or true vehicle of the soul.

"I cannot understand the confusion that seems to exist on this subject. Perhaps it is due to thinking of suppression in negative terms. Nothing can be understood in negative terms. Water let loose has no power, but harness it, compress it, confine its movement to a nozzle or other limited outlet, and, if there be sufficient volume, its force will split a rock. Do we think of some feat of hydraulic engineering in negative terms,—as a limitation of water, as something done against, or inflicted upon, water!

"The point is that quite regardless of good or evil, or of the *use* to which power is put, no personality can be powerful except as the result of discipline, which means the harnessing and, in a sense, the violent suppression of unbridled inclination. No matter what people may think, for instance, of Mussolini's motives, they would probably agree that his is an unusually forceful personality. His force necessarily is the result of rigid self-control, past and present, imposed either for personal ends, or for love of country. In the former case, he might be on the high road to becoming a black magician; but assuming that he is a man whose personality is ceaselessly dominated by an unselfish purpose, and by a consuming love of his ideal—than which nothing, perhaps, can supply a more severe or constant discipline, making his personality the slave of his higher will—it would follow that he is on the high road to the development of the permanent individuality, the force of which 'comes down from above' and far transcends the merely human, as we ordinarily use that term."

The Recorder began to smile. The eyes of his friend began to blaze. But there was no pause. "The man whose personality is mashed out as the result of discipline, had no personality to begin with. All he had was a mess of different desires. The personality is a tremendous thing, or should be,—one of the most tremendous things on earth, until the individuality be born; and the individuality can only be born as the fruit, the reward, of an iron discipline, accepted gladly, or self-imposed, for love's sake."

The Recorder laughed delightedly.

"Why do you laugh?"

"If this be the effect of reading the 'Screen,'" he replied, "I think it must be a better 'Screen' than usual!" And he went home. But he had to write some more.

T.

Don't waste precious time looking for an Opportunity: make one.—BENJEN.

In vain he seeketh others to suppress,
Who hath not learned himself first to subdue.

—SPENSER.

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

February 11th, 1913.

DEAR ———

In answer to the several questions which you ask in your letter of yesterday, which I have numbered for clearness:—

1. Yes, of course. You should only ask one question in a given meditation and wait patiently for ideas on that. If, after five or ten minutes, you get no ideas,—try another question. Keep a written record of what you want to know, and go back to this record daily, at the beginning of your meditation. If at the end of a week, you cannot work the problem out by yourself, ask me.

2. Yes. Both —— and I have already told you to do this. Why do you ask again?

I do not feel that you need more answers to questions,—you need to put into practice the information you already have.

Another thing. I should like you to keep a written record of your inner life—a diary, if you like—which you write up each night. Put in it how you kept your Rule; how you fulfilled the duties of the day; how you observed your ideals of conduct; what particular faults you committed,—your special failures; anything you think necessary or pertinent. It need not be long—a half page a day. Send it to me once a week.

If you do this now, while here still, and get it going satisfactorily, it will help you when away from New York, and will serve as a link.

With best wishes,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

March 15th, 1913.

DEAR ———

I have to leave for —— to-night to be gone until Saturday. . . . . I do not want to leave your letter, or rather your report, unanswered entirely, but I shall not have time for much comment.

It shows distinct signs of grace. You are learning. You are learning to feel, but your mind and your fixed ideas are still very much in your way.

The other day I wrote you a little word of encouragement. You almost automatically replied that you were not discouraged or depressed. Yet this report speaks of great discouragement, depression and fatigue,—weariness. I use this as an illustration. I write and say you are in need of encouragement,

and should not be depressed. You instantly deny being discouraged or depressed. But you *are*, very much so, and it is a good sign. It means that you are breaking through your shell, your hard exterior, which your life and habit of thought for many years built up. You are losing the support of that artificial stiffness—as you must—before getting real, interior, support, of the right kind, to take its place. The false must go before the true can enter in. This intermediate stage is always a trying and painful one (see the last three or four pages of the first comment of *Light on the Path*, beginning "It is a very well-known fact," etc.). Indeed, I should think *Light on the Path* would read like a new book to you now. Try it and see.

It is a mistake to consult more than one person at the same time. You should not have talked to —— about your personal problems. . . . .

* * * * * * *

This of course does not apply to philosophical questions, and those do not interest you now. You have too many practical ones.

Why on earth should you not want human sympathy and love, and why should you not show both, all the time, to every one you can love or sympathize with. I do not believe any of us could get along without the sympathy and love of each other. These are natural impulses. Follow them; but with common-sense, good manners, and above all with the kind of feeling that you can take to the Master, or which he can give you to feel with. Ask him to teach you how to love, him first, and then your fellow aspirants and comrades.

You say that you want to have a whole-hearted love for the Master and a realization that he will accept that love. You cannot love him, or anyone else, properly, save with the love he gives you. If we love him, it is because we reflect back to him a little of his love for us. Your feeling of desire to love him, means that you are beginning to feel his love for you and to return it.

So you see that I found your report distinctly encouraging. You are really doing very well. There is still much to be done, for you are only beginning, and have much in yourself to overcome.

I hope to hear good things of you when I come back Saturday.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

April 9th, 1913.

Dear ———

Please read *The Blessed Angela of Foligno*. It will teach you how to meditate upon the Passion of Jesus Christ. You need to forget yourself and your own sufferings in a greater Self and in far greater sufferings—by sympathy, obtaining self-forgetfulness and love. You should try to enter into and lose yourself in the sorrows of Christ, and so realize his present need, and the fact that he loves you beyond any power of your belief. Presently, without any effort,

your heart will flow out to him, and you will understand the simplicity of love and the happiness of self-abandonment.

Duffield publishes *The Blessed Angela* in the Mediæval Series.

Yours sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

April 16th, 1913.

Dear ———

I am much obliged to you for report of week ending April 14th.

May I suggest that I want a *daily* report, sent in once a week, and not an expression on Tuesday of what you thought was your mood on the previous Saturday or Thursday. The daily changes are an important item of information; but I want to form my opinion of them, not to get yours.

This last report shows distinct improvement. Go on as you have recently begun.

In reply to your final question, I do not think you need to explain to anyone why you are going, but I see no reason why you should not explain the reasons why you go to yourself, as you suggest.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

April 17th, 1913.

Dear ———

It does not seem to me that the letter received this afternoon is a very good evidence of the strictness with which you are carrying out my injunction not to think about yourself. And it was not my injunction either. I only passed it on.

You are told not to think about yourself. Surely if you obey this injunction you cannot now decide whether you are going or not.

There is no need for hasty decisions or for any decision at the present time.

I liked the general tone of your letter. It shows improvement.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

May 25th, 1913.

Dear ———

I was a little worried when I received your second week's report until I calculated the date of my letter, and found that you could not have received it

before mailing the report. Then this morning came your letter which is more satisfactory in tone.

It has been hard, but I think it will grow easier—not harder. It is always the first plunge in these spiritual experiences which costs us most. As time goes on, we not only get used to the new condition, but we gradually learn how to live with it and in it, and get the lesson—the experience—out of it. And that in itself brings satisfaction, for we realize that we are accomplishing a part of our destiny. There will be times of discouragement; times when we feel that real things are slipping away from us; times when we think we are going backwards instead of forwards; times of actual failure when we must pick ourselves up again and go on, wearily perhaps, and almost hopeless; but also, we have our times of satisfaction; times when we realize that we have moved forward; times when our very struggle brings the inner world near.

All this is inevitable. We must pass through these experiences, all expressions of our self-will, in order to learn that by ourselves we can do nothing—accomplish nothing, and that our salvation lies in complete self-surrender and obedience. It takes a long time to teach us this thoroughly, and it must be learned thoroughly. We are obstinate people, and self-will has infinite varieties of manifestation. First we must struggle to learn that it is self-will that is the matter. Then we must struggle against the expressions of it. By degrees the way becomes clearer, or the next important step is understood, and then it is a question of self-conquest. Roughly speaking, people are divided into two categories: Those whose struggle is to discover their duty; and those who usually know their duty, but who must struggle with themselves in order to do it. You, I think, again speaking roughly, belong to the first category; but of course we all have some of both in us, and you are no exception to this rule.

Do not suggest Church work. Everyone is not fitted for it, and each kind of person must find his own work and do that.

Remember that the only way you can hope to help anybody is by *being* and *doing* the thing yourself. . . . .

By all means pray to Christ and make Him the centre of your spiritual life. . . . . Your trouble here is purely mental and has no existence in the real world. The Masters are all one in essence, and we can pray to whichever one seems closest to us. . . . . Think of each as a step on the Path you are trying to follow, or a rung of the ladder you are trying to climb.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

June 8th, 1913.

Dear ———

I am sorry that circumstances here have prevented my writing you sooner. We, too, are being tried to our limit, and sometimes, what seems for a time, to be beyond our limit.

I can only sympathize with you in your circumstances and say:

What counts is the amount of energy and heart put into effort, not *results* of any kind.

Get happiness from helping others.

It would have been easy for you to have slipped out of your tangle if you had not done wrong. . . . . Take your trials humbly, as expiation, knowing that, if you remain stedfast and faithful, the Master who watches closely each struggle will release you the instant it is right and wise and for your best good.

So you must try to be cheerful in it all.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. GRISCOM.

June 27th, 1913.

DEAR ———

You must not think from this delayed reply to your recent letters, that I have the slightest intention of carrying out your suggestion that I do not write to you during the summer. On the contrary, the summer is the time when we should strive most earnestly to *be* the things we have read and heard about during the active period of the year. So I expect you to make great progress this summer, and I shall certainly do everything in my power to help you.

I have your records up to June 22nd, your letter of June 12th and the letter from ——. This last I return. It is a nice letter that must have gratified you very much.

Now as to your records: especially the last one. I have some very definite things to say.

You must stop thinking and caring so much what others think of you. It does not matter. Their opinions change from day to day and are not based on knowledge. You are doing there what you did here;—paying a great deal too much attention to the attitude of others towards you, and to what you think they are thinking about you. You thus set up in yourself an attitude of opposition, if not of actual hostility, which others feel, resent, and often act upon.

Help them by all means, with perfect simplicity, and all humility. This, in fact both, are virtues you have yet to acquire.

As for —— almost everything you write about her is nonsense. She has no psychic power and would not know how to exert it if she had. Nor is she a "busted chêla." She is broken, nervously overwrought, chronically ill, one for whom you should make endless allowance. Just think of her as these things, and do not exaggerate either her faults, her virtues, or her powers. If you maintain a consistently friendly and sympathetic attitude, looking for her good qualities and overlooking her faults, you ought to be able to help her.

* * * * * * *

The way to counteract the influence of the feeling of superiority to those about you, is to dwell upon how very far you fall short of being what you ought to be, in view of all your advantages and the help the Master has given you. Humility comes from comparing ourselves with those above us, not with those below us.

You speak of clinging with all your might to the teaching. I do not think that kind of effort necessary. You could not forget or let go what you have learned, by anything short of a deliberate and prolonged effort. Accept things more. Take them simply; take yourself simply. Do not agonize over anything but your own past. Keep your sense of humour and your sense of proportion, and your common sense. You have plenty of all three, save where you are personally concerned.

We expect to sail for Europe July 11th, for two months, but it is by no means certain. Letters sent here will be forwarded regularly, but I shall let you know of our foreign address so that you can write direct, as soon as our departure is definite.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

July 19th, 1913.

Dear ———

Our plans are again changed and we do not know when we shall be able to get away. We still hope to sail, however, in a week or two. We never know from day to day what we can do. Such uncertainty, and the cheerful acceptance of it, is one of the things we must all learn, and that can be done only by experience.

I have your letter of July 4th, and your records for three weeks. I have no special advice for you. My object in writing is to tell you once more to remember always that we are interested and concerned in your welfare, and that you can count upon our continual help in so far as it is possible for us to help you.

You have your fight to fight, your battle to win. Remember always that it is a battle with yourself, not with others or with circumstances. It is very hard for us to realize this, yet it is absolutely and perfectly true. A man who is starving for lack of a crust of bread, finds it very difficult to believe that the trouble is a purely personal one, in himself, and has nothing to do with others, yet it is so. The only exception to this principle is when, later on, we deliberately and consciously accept some burden for the sake of helping others; but we have to be pretty well along before we are permitted to do this. We *think* we do it before, but what we really do is to accept that means of learning some needed lesson ourselves. We learn it under the disguise of helping others.

So your fight is not with ——, or with the conditions of your life, with its

physical hardships and deprivations, or lack of companionship, or any of these things from which you suffer, but is with your own nature. You were lonely here; you will continue to be lonely no matter what your surroundings, until you learn to associate with others on an impersonal and correct basis. You had a hard time physically here, because you needed it for some inner purpose, perhaps to break down your rigidity and hardness.

Therefore the solution and cure of all these troubles lies absolutely within yourself, in self-discipline, self-conquest, self-renunciation, etc.

You have our best wishes and our constant prayers in your fight, which we are confident you will win, perhaps sooner than you think.

The others join me in kind regards.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. Griscom.

August 2nd, 1913.

Dear ———

I return the letter to ——, which seems to me to be satisfactory. Do not pander to her sentimentality and morbidness, but the more you oppose these, the kinder and more sympathetic you must be.

Do not, however, get the idea that it is your job to "save her soul." It isn't. Your own is quite as much as you can handle, but you *can* manage your own. Remember that it is a law that we are never asked to do anything which we cannot do. But you must not make up your mind what it is you are asked to do, and measure your achievement by that standard, for you may be all wrong.

You may think you were set to do a certain piece of work, while in reality you were expected to fail while using everything in you to accomplish it. Do not, therefore, judge your position, your progress, by results. We cannot; and it is foolish to try. It only confuses us.

I have read your recent records with interest and sympathy. You are having a hard time, but everything ends, in time, save the things of the spirit, which, alone, are eternal. There is always sunshine on the other side of the darkest and longest night.

We are still here and have no plans.

With kind regards,

I am, sincerely,

C. A. Griscom.

REVIEWS

El Teósofo, Vol. I, Nos. 2 and 3, published by the Venezuela Branch of The Theosophical Society, at Norte 3, No. 38, Caracas.

Bravo *El Teósofo*, and long life to you!

The promise of the first issue is admirably maintained. Again we congratulate our friends and fellow-members in Venezuela on their splendid achievement. Paper, type, and general appearance are worthy of the contents,—which is saying a great deal. The October issue (No. 2) contains a full report of the last Convention of the Society, as well as many valuable translations, original contributions, and reprints from *Dharma*, one by Juan J. Benzo and another by F. Domínguez Acosta. A translation of Mr. Griscom's "Letters to Students" is begun in the January issue, which serves to remind us of his devoted interest in members of the Society in Venezuela, and of his determined effort to master Spanish so as to facilitate correspondence with them. He gave his whole heart to their theosophical welfare, and it would surprise us greatly if his letters, read to-day in Spanish, did not serve to convey a special gift to souls in Venezuela, over and above all that he put into them when he wrote them originally.

As the present reviewer is also the Recorder of the "Screen of Time," he feels at liberty to protest, no matter how gently, against *El Teósofo's* suggestion that the "Screen" may be likened to an "antechamber of the Lodge." The Recorder feels frequently that an antechamber to Kama Loka would be nearer the mark. However, this is not a personal matter, either between the Recorder and those who hold forth in the "Screen," or between the QUARTERLY and *El Teósofo!* It is a matter both of principle and of policy. It is unwise, for instance, as a result of admiration and devotion, to describe anyone as a Master who was actually a high chêla but not a Master. We must temper our enthusiasm with discretion. The Student, the Historian, the Philosopher, and the rest of them, may feel flattered by the locality assigned to them; but what a terrible disillusionment for *El Teósofo's* readers if ever they were to meet, let us say the Historian, face to face!

T.

Gandhi the Apostle, His Trial and His Message, by Haridas T. Muzumdar. Universal Publishing Company, Chicago, 1923.

This book is divided into two parts: a Panorama of Indian History, to serve as a background for Gandhi; and a history of Gandhi himself.

The panorama of Indian history is in many ways interesting. It has the distinct virtue of allowing millenniums instead of centuries for the earlier history of India before the birth of the Buddha. At the same time, the author, who appears to be a Bengali Brahman, has an intellectual, rather than a spiritual, understanding of the teachings of the Upanishads and of Buddhism; his handling of both is superficial.

The panorama contains, on page 77, a paragraph which will be of interest to students of Theosophy:

"The writings of Ram Mohun Roy, Debendra Nath Tagore, Rajendra Lal Mitra, in Bengal; those of Ranade, Vishnu Pundit and others in Bombay, of Swami Dayanand and Sir Syed Ahmed Khan in Upper India, of Madam Blavatsky and the other Theosophists in Madras

brought about a new awakening, which afterwards received an even stronger impetus from the writings and speeches of Mrs. Annie Besant and Swami Vivekananda. This was on the religious and social side mainly, but its national character was unmistakable." To us, this strongly suggests that the author is unable to discern the profound difference between a spiritual movement and a psychic counterfeit, when he classes the deeply spiritual work of Madame Blavatsky with that of some of those who claim to be her successors.

But the essence of the book is the story of Gandhi, whom the author rather grandiloquently describes as "the son of a Prime Minister." It appears that Gandhi's father and grandfather had held office in the little State of Porbunder, on the coast between Bombay and the mouth of the Indus, with an area of 636 square miles and a population of 85,000. They were not Brahmans, but belonged to the Bunnia, or commercial, class. Gandhi as a boy was rebellious, iconoclastic and a professed atheist. He joined a secret society of boys who met to eat meat, not because they liked it, but because it was forbidden. As a youth, he went to England to study law. In London, about 1889, he is said to have met Madame Blavatsky, but the meeting evidently left no deep impression on him. He belonged to a different world. He then passed twenty years in South Africa, joining in the agitations which have inflamed and complicated the already difficult race problems there. He served as a stretcher bearer in the Boer war.

From South Africa, Gandhi returned to India, and from this point his story becomes of more general importance. It would be not unfair to say that, without intending it, his biographer has drawn an excellent portrait, not of a spiritual seer and leader, but of a typical psychic, in whom the element of distorted reflection, of counterfeit, is the motive power both of thought and of action. Again and again, the biographer is perplexed and astonished by the contradictions and mental somersaults of his hero. He explains them as the peculiarities of a saint. They are really the characteristics of a psychic, whose mind catches images now upright, now inverted. Thus we can heartily commend Gandhi's action at the beginning of the World War, in calling on the natives of India to help the cause of the Allies in all possible ways, but we must as distinctly condemn his successful efforts to create turmoil and disaffection in the years that followed the war. At his trial in March, 1922, Gandhi said, "to preach disaffection towards the existing system of Government has become almost a passion with me. . . . I knew that I was playing with fire." A psychic agitator, his head crammed with counterfeits of spiritual truths, and with a psychic's power of stirring up mob emotion: such is the portrait which his biographer unwittingly paints.

A more serious meaning is given to the subject by the description of the part played by Mr. A. O. Hume in the modern agitation in India. Mr. Hume was in one sense its originator when, in March, 1883, he took the first step that led to the formation of the Indian National Congress. His name and the date will both be significant to those who have met Mr. A. O. Hume in other records of that period. It was shortly after he had made the decision to "ride his own donkey," as one of his correspondents expressed it.

Mr. Hume had, in fact, turned his back on the plan for the true spiritual regeneration of India, laid before him by a Master of Wisdom. Instead, he started the National Congress, one of whose fruits is Gandhi the agitator.

So profoundly important are the faults of those who come into contact with the Masters, and are in any way involved in their work!

C. J.

Benedict Spinoza, by J. Alexander Gunn; Macmillan & Co., Ltd., in association with Melbourne University Press, 1925; price, 8s. 6d.

Matthew Arnold said of Spinoza and his work that they "bid fair to become soon what they deserve to become in the history of modern philosophy, the central point of interest." Perhaps this is an over-statement, but it is certain that Spinoza's philosophy has never been more pertinent than it is to-day. The unprejudiced scholar must in honesty admit that Spinoza reconciled religion and science in his own consciousness, without sacrificing either integrity of mind or simplicity of heart. Whether we accept his solution or not, we may

recall that few, very few who have tried to improve upon it, have left as an heritage such an impression of abiding serenity and peace.

Professor Gunn's little treatise, therefore, fills a real need, for it brings the essentials of Spinoza's system within the purview of the average reader who lacks the technical equipment to undertake the task of reading Spinoza "in the original." It is not the least merit of Professor Gunn's book that it should inspire the student with the desire to learn more of the details of Spinoza's thought at first hand.

However, Dr. Gunn's work is of special interest to those who already love Spinoza. He has effectively interpreted many obscurities and, in particular, has shown the impropriety of many illusions that have clouded the real significance of Spinoza's identification of God with Nature. "Nature" for Spinoza is not physical Nature; it is the One Substance which is conceived by the human mind only through the manifestation of Its attributes. One such attribute may be described as Thought; another is called by Spinoza, Extension, which includes all physical phenomena perceptible to our senses or conceivable to the intellect. Both Thought and Extension are perceived by a finite consciousness, as constituting the essence of God, but God Himself is ineffable, impersonal, mysterious, the Causeless Cause of all that exists. Spinoza has been blamed or praised for being a pantheist, "but his pantheism, if we permit the name at all, is not that superficial doctrine of a vague divine spirit pervading all things, but a clearer doctrine that all things are in God and are manifestations of Him" (p. 123).

In this connection, Dr. Gunn points out the fact that Spinoza is so absorbed in the contemplation of the One Reality as to remain somewhat indifferent to the process whereby the appearance of diversity arises in the Divine Unity. "Spinoza characteristically enough begins with the Infinite, not with the finite. His difficulty is not to reach the Infinite, but rather to get from the Infinite to finite things, and he passes over the question of metaphysics, par excellence—that ultimate question which for us can only be answered speculatively, if at all—the question, 'Why *are* there finite things?' His *conatus* is too mechanical, too physical. There is an *élan* of the universe, a growing, developing force, so well brought out in our modern biology and psychology, which is much more than a mere conserving force" (p. 126). Spinoza lacks the appreciation of Time so evident in the philosophy of Bergson. "His theory of modes, or we may style it of individuality, is utterly overshadowed by the sublimity and grandeur of his One Substance" (p. 54). After all, it is only the individualized consciousness that has need of Time in which to grow or develop. For the Absolute, growth or development is inconceivable.

This complete subjection of the manifested to the unmanifested, of the human to the divine, is the key-note of Spinoza's whole system. And as Professor Gunn points out, Spinoza's metaphysical vision was the consequence and justification of a corresponding moral vision. The philosopher sought God as the Supreme Good of human life, in the spirit of St. Augustine's words: "My soul is restless till it find rest in Thee." He found blessedness as others have found it before and since, in the complete gift of self to that which is greater than self. Doubtless, there are not many souls who can find bliss and quietude through continuous meditation upon the abstract Principle of all causality in the Universe. But seekers for truth in whatever form will recognize the universal validity of Spinoza's dictum that no man can truly love the Eternal, who desires that the Eternal should love him in return.

In Professor Gunn's words: "Spinoza deserves particular notice to-day because he drew attention to the fact that all reality is causally connected, and to the fact that all reality is dependent on God. He sees no conflict between the strictly scientific inter-connection of all things and the vision of their unity in God" (p. 128).

S. L.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 318.—*There is a quotation from Henley: "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul." How much of our life is destiny? If all of it is destiny, how do we ourselves control it?*

ANSWER.—What happens to us at any given moment is the resultant of three forces, only one of which is then under our control: (a) the great universal laws governing all things; (b) our own past, that is, the relation which our wills have formerly borne to those laws, and (c) the present reaction of our wills to the situation. Our past actions determine the point we occupy in the long path of our evolution, and that, in turn, determines the character of the forces that play upon us, just as our decision to winter in Canada or Florida determines the character of weather which we experience. The degree of our development determines also the degree of control which our wills have over the situation. The house catches fire. If, in panic, I jump from the second storey window, my own action has put me in a place where the law of gravitation has entire control and my will none at all. I am then "destined" to get a bad fall. I might, on the other hand, have walked quietly down-stairs, gently assisted by gravitation, and experienced quite a different "destiny." Which of the two I did, is largely influenced by the sum of my past choices in minor matters where my will had free choice, whether I had made a practice of self-control, or had indulged my impulses. What we obey, determines what we become, and what we become, determines the type and character of the forces that will act upon us. An artist and a boor, looking at the same beautiful painting, are influenced by very different forces.

Life has been described as a divine conspiracy to bring us to heaven, to our goal, and the particular laws of life operative at any given point are those best calculated to advance souls at that particular stage of development. The higher the development, the greater the control over "destiny." Those who, by obeying the laws of life, show themselves worthy to be trusted, are rewarded by increased control over them. Those who disobey, lose what little power they had. "Unto him that hath shall be given." To the extent to which a man can and will train himself, Life leaves the task to him. When he neglects or refuses to undertake it himself, "destiny" forces situations upon him, time and time again, if necessary, until at last he learns that lesson, and acts accordingly thereafter. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Let us assume that by destiny, Karma is meant. The surroundings in which we find ourselves in this life are exactly those which we have won for ourselves by thoughts and actions, good and bad, in past lives; devotion and effort, sin and evil, have placed us this time in circumstances which are exactly those we most need. They afford us the opportunity to retrieve past mistakes, to turn past effort into further progress. We control this "destiny" by what we do about it. If we remain "tied and bound by the chain of our sins," this incarnation may be worse than wasted, for to stand still is impossible, and the net result of it will be that we shall have actually gone backwards. But if, with an understanding heart, on fire with devotion, our will turned, we press forward,—we use our destiny, and are not used by it. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—Our efforts to control destiny are as ineffective as a radio set would be if some part of it were to begin to generate and to send out vibrations at its own key-note frequency. In that sense the individual is a receiver, designed to transform, transmit and deliver the messages of the Soul, which is striving to carry on its work of ceaseless, creative manifestation. The purposes of the Soul must be destiny for the instrument, but a destiny that is "all of life" and infinitely more, since the Soul "hath elsewhere had its setting and cometh from afar." If there be any point at which the ego can affirm Selfhood, it would there be "master" and "captain" *for* the Soul, not *of* it. Subordination, accommodation and co-operation are the rôle of the individual, one that demands the most positive use of all his powers, included among which is the power to control the lower vehicles so that they may be faithful transmitters, in their turn. The effort to "control" in any other sense, must distort the higher current that is seeking to operate through us. It is these frustrations of destiny, on our own part, which we commonly lay to destiny. H. M.

ANSWER.—The vessel may be wrecked, or the troop of cavalry may run away, but a real captain will be captain still—though the heavens fall. There is a certain attitude of heart and mind and will which characterizes a real captain; an instinctive movement of responsibility; a positive kind of understanding and detachment, which goes with courage for serene waiting, or for instant action. He goes forward to meet life, and he goes forward to meet death, as Kitchener did, level-eyed.

In *The World's Desire*, Odysseus, chained to the bed of torment, speaks as the captain of his soul:

"Endure, my heart: not long shalt thou endure
The shame, the smart;
The good and ill are done; the end is sure;
Endure, my heart!
There stand two vessels by the golden throne
Of Zeus on high,
From these he scatters mirth and scatters moan,
To men that die.
And thou of many joys hast had thy share,
Thy perfect part;
Battle and love, and evil things and fair;
Endure, my heart!
Fight one last greatest battle under shield,
Wage that war well:
Then seek thy fellows in the shadowy field
Of asphodel:
There is the knightly Hector; there the men
Who fought for Troy;
Shall we not fight our battles o'er again?
Were that not joy?
Though no sun shines beyond the dusky west,
Thy perfect part
There shalt thou have of the unbroken rest;
Endure, my heart!"

What can you do with a man like that? What can destiny do with him? He has conquered himself: he has "taken the kingdom of heaven by violence." He lives and acts in the world of realities. Fate is his ally. Destiny is his friend. K. D. P.

ANSWER.—We ourselves *are* our destiny. We weave our destiny about us by the threads of thoughts and words and deeds, as the silk-worm spins from within itself its prisoning cocoon. There is no such thing as arbitrary destiny, or fate. It only seems so because we cannot see the past causes of present conditions. We throw a stone into a pond; we cannot stop the

ripples it makes, but we did not have to throw the stone. Someone jogging our elbow, perhaps, caused the stone to be cast? Even so, we could have let the stone fall at our feet, or we need not have picked it up in the first place. The throwing was our own choice, for good or ill. The choosing of each moment is our future destiny. The conditions of our lives are ripples of past choices. H. E. D.

QUESTION NO. 319.—*All writers on chêlaship tell us that the disciple must fit himself for this state entirely alone and unaided; but the Christian Master has said that without Him we can do nothing. How can we reconcile this apparent contradiction?*

ANSWER.—Owing to the dual nature of the mind, a spiritual fact must be stated by paradox, otherwise one would have only a half truth. The would-be disciple must decide for himself and rouse his own will to action. Would he really expect that anyone else could push or drag him forward? On the other hand it is said that his efforts are ceaselessly reinforced by his own Master without whom he could accomplish—literally—nothing. X.

ANSWER.—What is our motive? Why do we desire chêlaship? Do we want it for growth in personal stature? Or do we want it, in all humility and devotion, that we may serve? In the one case, our effort is empty and futile, the results turn to dust and ashes, even if we do not accomplish positive harm. In the other, the whole power of the spiritual world is behind us, working in and through us when we do not block it, and we come to see that it is this power alone which makes possible whatever we may accomplish; that in and of ourselves we can do nothing.

But, granted the right motive, we must *learn* to serve. We must be trained, and while others older and wiser than we are may point out to us the ways in which we need training, our progress must depend in the nature of things on our own inner effort, on the growth of our devotion and understanding, on the exercise of our will. We alone are responsible for what we do about it after our line of action has been indicated to us. In this sense we fit ourselves alone and unaided. But the response from the spiritual world is immediate and sure when there is reality in our devotion and effort, though we may not be able to recognize the form it takes. We can be sure that we are never really alone. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—We have not given ourselves life, or consciousness, or any faculty or power whatsoever. In one sense, nothing is ours, except the power of choice, the power to select and use the forces loaned to us. For the most part we have used them to dig a deep pit of self, in which we are now imprisoned, and from which, unaided, we could never escape. The Masters cannot descend into the pit to rescue us, but the Lords of Compassion and the sacrifice of the great Avatars have placed the ladder of their love within our reach. We have to grasp and climb that ladder to a certain height alone and unaided, but if they did not hold it, it would not be there at all. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—In a kindergarten, the children learn by doing. They fashion, by their own efforts, a paper boat, let us say. A good teacher will not make it for them, but she has made the model. Also, she is *there*. Her presence, and the knowledge that other children have done what they are asked to do, that they have *in them* the same possibilities, makes them go on, step by step. Is not something similar true of us, in our kindergarten stage? "Christ *in* us, the hope of glory." H. E. D

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 24th, 1926, beginning at 10:30 A.M.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meeting. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. At 8:30 P.M. there will be a regular meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are cordially invited.

6. On Sunday, April 25th, at 3:30 P.M., there will be a public address at the Greenwich Village Theatre, Seventh Avenue and Christopher Street. Tickets are not required for admission. Invitation cards will be supplied to all members, on request, so that they may have opportunity to call the lecture to the attention of their friends who reside in New York or in the vicinity. Following the address, tea is served at 64 Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and the friends they wish to invite.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.

February 15th, 1926.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held at 64 Washington Mews, beginning at half past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Those of the spring of 1926 are on the evenings of April 10th and 24th (Convention meeting), and May 8th and 22nd. Visitors are welcome. The location of 64 Washington Mews is on the north side of the Mews, the second door from the Fifth Avenue entrance—the Mews running midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North.

Phil 29.2

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling foward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.